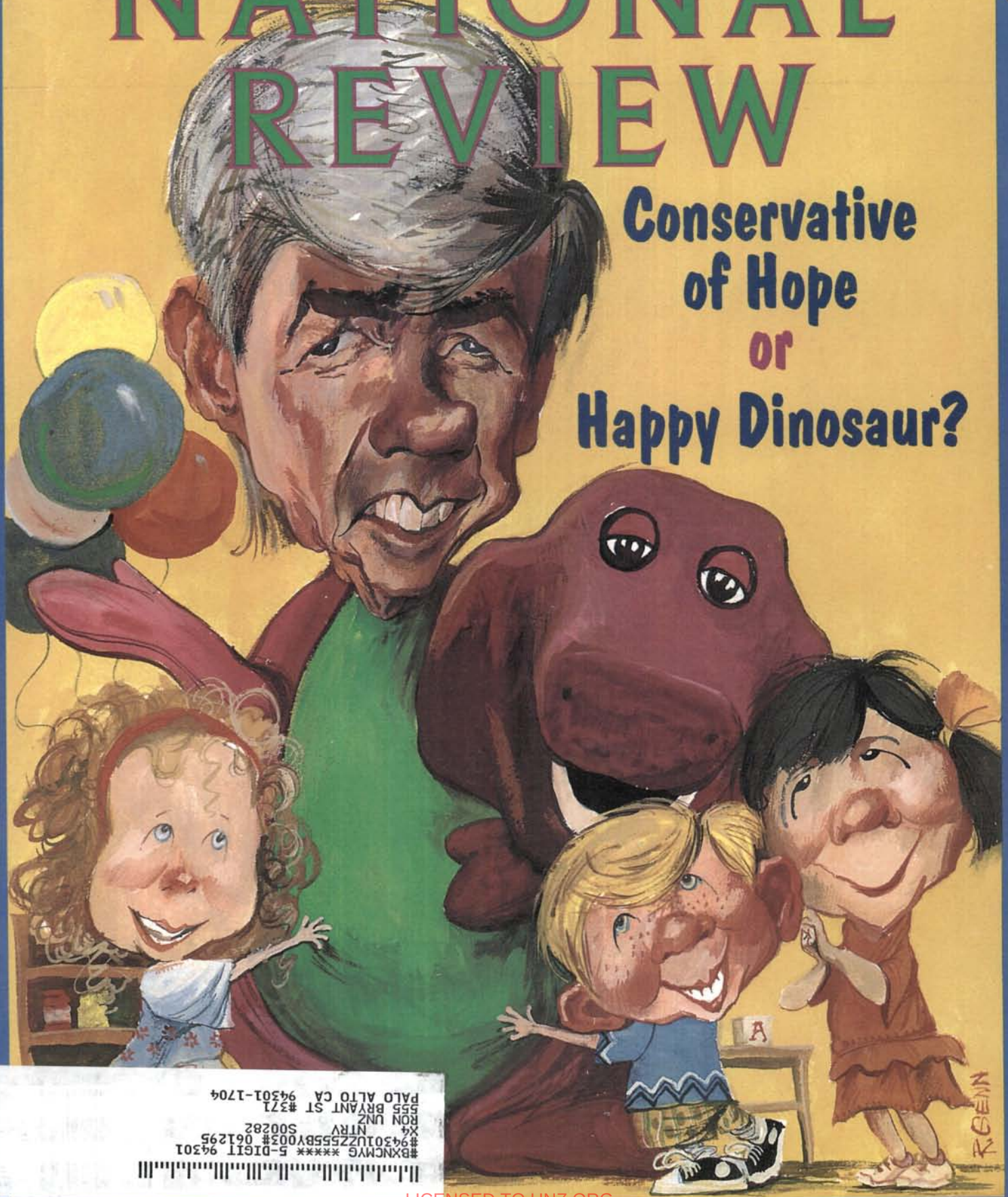
August 1, 1994 49145 $2.95 U.S., $3.95 Canadian

EAST is EAST?—p.28

Donkey Bites Ministers ■ Feminists Besiege Citadel

NATIONAL REVIEW

Conservative of Hope or Happy Dinosaur?



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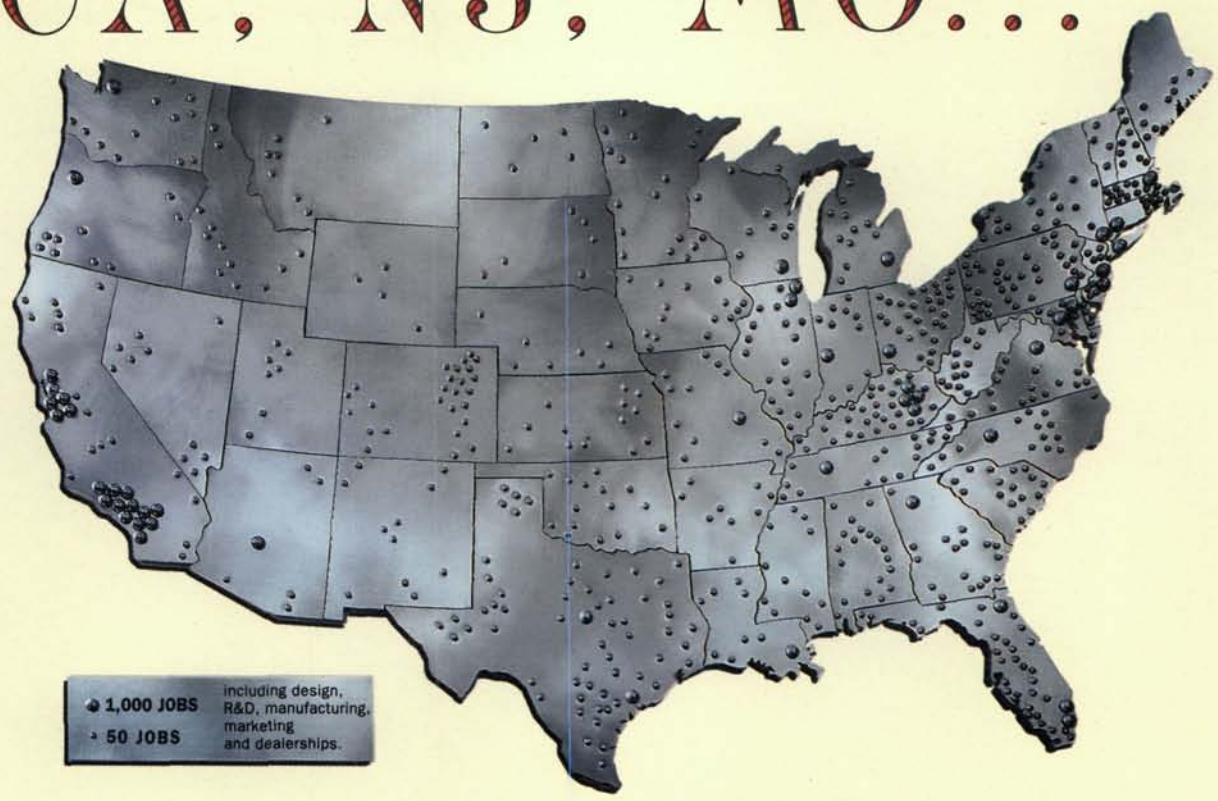

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Cover illustration by Roman Genn

The Audit Bureau

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1994. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $57.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

Temper Tantrums

In his review of Jonathan Aitken's *Nixon: A Life* [May 30], Charles Colson purports to summarize Aitken's account of why President Nixon did not burn the Watergate tapes. Colson has Aitken saying that I, while counsel to the President, "threw a tantrum," that I threatened to resign if the tapes were destroyed, that this debate "raged at [Nixon's] bedside" and that Nixon finally kept the tapes "because of medication, a fit of paranoia, a desire to keep an accurate history, or to placate Mr. Garment."

Fred Buzhardt and I, as White House co-counsel in the tapes case, were called upon to give our assessment of probable legal consequences of destroying the tapes. Both of us felt that since investigations were already under way, the tapes could be considered evidence even before subpoenas were served, and that therefore their destruction could constitute a major felony—that of obstruction of justice—and an impeachable offense. At the President's bedside, both of us, along with Nixon's chief of staff, Alexander Haig, also said that the destruction would create a powerful public impression of guilt. The discussion was not marked by tantrums or hysteria.

Aitken's reporting of this incident is based in part on errors in the accounts of it that Haig has given. Contrary to Haig but consistent with Nixon's own memoirs, there were no resignation threats on my part. And contrary to Haig's memory but consistent with the recollections of people who worked in the White House on Watergate's legal aspects, Buzhardt's legal analysis did not differ from my own.

Even Haig, however, does not claim I had a "tantrum." Nor does Aitken allege that I threatened resignation at the President's bedside.

Thus, Colson put his own inflammatory twist on these events. He spent his White House years in this sort of activity, to the eventual ruination of the Nixon Presidency. It appears he has not lost his touch.

Leonard Garment
Washington, D.C.

As to Len Garment's challenge of the facts, my review was based on Mr. Aitken's book, which I found to be remarkably well documented.

As to Mr. Garment's challenge of my characterizing his behavior threatening to resign as a tantrum, I'll confess to being influenced by my first-hand knowledge of the personalities involved. —CC

No Waifs, Please

Christina Hoff Sommers is right on the money as far as she goes ["Figuring Out Feminism," June 27], but the number-one feminist myth about anorexia isn't that 150,000 women die from it every year; it is that heterosexual males go for the "waif" look.

What heterosexual men instinctively look for in women is suitable mothers. They should be healthy, athletic, and feminine. (A survey cited in the January/February issue of *Health* magazine indicated that most men preferred a woman of average weight with a waist–hip ratio of 0.70.) The face should also look intelligent and friendly (she's going to raise your kids).

So maybe you can blame breast implants on men but not anorexia. If feminists are really worried about anorexia they are aiming at the wrong target. I would point out that there is a wide variety of body types in men's magazines, and that the "waif" look isn't among them. It's the women's magazines that feature models who are too skinny to have curves.

Don Schenk
Allentown, Pa.

Live and Let Die?

I have read and reread "Better Dead than Fed" [June 27] by Wesley J. Smith and am appalled. Judge George A. Grieg will allow 51-year-old Michael Martin to be killed in a most horrible way because his wife apparently considers him an inconvenience. When the Nazis did the same thing we condemned it. Millions fought and died to free civilization from a government-sponsored human-selection program.

I too have a feeding tube. I am 45 years old and have not been able to eat or drink by mouth for nearly four years. That is the way it will always be. My life has been unalterably changed; not ended. I will never again sip a fine wine or dine on my favorite Polish dishes, which my wife had learned to prepare to perfection. I will never drive a car or climb the Alps. I will never do many things. My "quality of life" has been changed. But it has certainly not been diminished. I, like Michael Martin, will continue to feel pain and joy, to love, to think, and to thank God daily for all that I have: a loving, caring, and devoted wife and a strong, intelligent, and successful son who will be my future. I will pray for people like Mary Martin and Judge George A. Grieg. They truly need more help than Michael Martin.

William J. Urban
San Antonio, Tex.

The article on Michael Martin's right to live left an important question unanswered: Did Michael Martin spell out his desire to live on an alphabet board on his own volition, or did he do it by "facilitated communication," in which he was simply following the lead of the facilitator? If the former, we have a clear example showing the bankruptcy of what passes for medical ethics in some quarters. If the latter, we are back to the usual muddy arguments.

Joseph Hertzlinger
Jericho, N.Y.

The communication was not facilitated. The testimony given was that most of the letters were punched by Mr. Martin without assistance. It is important to note that on another occasion Mr. Martin punched out "H2O" on the alphabet board. The speech therapist then asked if he was thirsty. Mr. Martin nodded his head "yes." Mary Martin's experts testified that they were unable to verify Mr. Martin's abilities in this regard. However, that is not surprising since brain-damaged people often communicate more readily with people they know and trust. —WS

The Moonies and the Times

How could John Podhoretz ["Our Town," June 27] pretend that Sun Myung Moon spent a billion dollars on the *Washington Times* "while sacrificing any and all control over the content of the paper"?

Aside from Moonie hand signals to the news department—interference that a few of us, but not Podhoretz, protested vigorously—he could scarcely be unaware of the editorial-page rebellion of April 14, 1987. I was editorial-page editor at the time, and nearly the entire staff—Mike Bonafield, David Shiflett, John Seiler, Beth Belton, and I—left the

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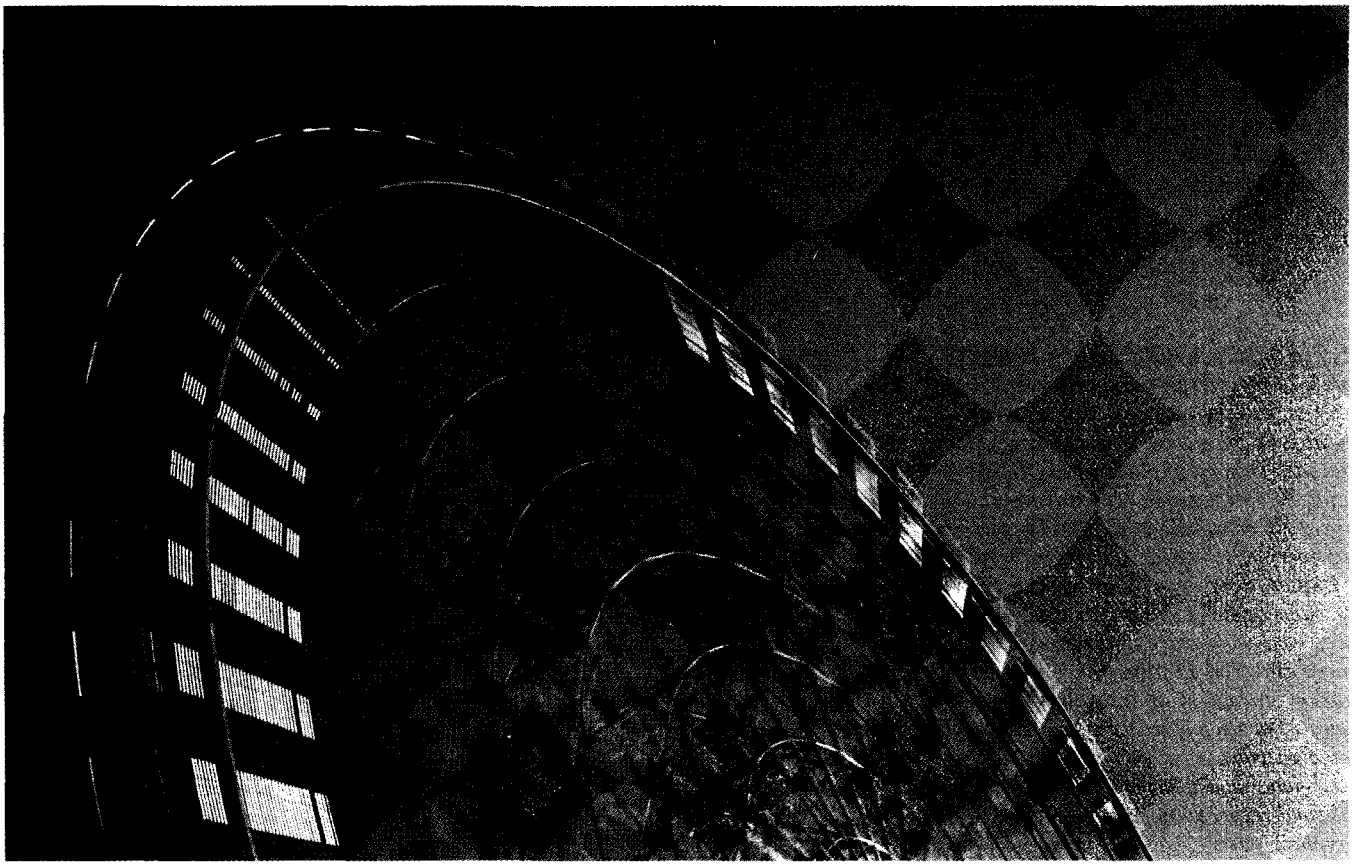

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Times rather than defend political repression in South Korea on orders from Moon's henchmen.

All aspects of the story, including the nature of the offending editorial, were widely reported the next day, April 15, and a check of the files will confirm that on April 16 the "independent" *Times* dutifully published the editorial to which we had objected.

William P. Cheshire
Senior Editorial Columnist
The Arizona Republic
Phoenix, Ariz.

My old colleague Bill Cheshire had an experience he interpreted as editorial interference by the paper's owners—not, it should be said, by Sun Myung Moon himself. Others, including my boss, Arnaud de Borchgrave, did not see it that way. I chose to believe de Borchgrave—as did every other senior editor in the place.

One of those who resigned with Cheshire subsequently sought to return to his job. And Cheshire's successors, Tony Snow and Tod Lindberg, are in my estimation paragons of integrity—far more committed ideologically to international democratization than Cheshire ever was—who would never serve as shills for political repression in South Korea or anyplace else. —JP

Hatred of Existence

Anyone who wants to know why we are losing the culture wars need only read Mark Cunningham's review of Martha Bayles's *Hole in Our Soul* [May 16]. We are losing because conservatives like Cunningham approve of gauche culture whenever it takes the form of something they happen to like. Cunningham seems rather proud of liking what he calls the artistic equivalent of "playing with firearms and driving while drunk." After all, it makes him cool to like songs like "Heroin" and "Paint It Black," and being cool is the important thing, even if it means advocating music that has a sensibility identical with that of leftism: a hatred of existence.

I have not yet finished reading the Bayles book, but I would be surprised indeed if its major virtue turns out to be that it will convince thinking conservatives of the value of rock, Cunningham's parting conclusion. Rather, the book suggests that popular music made some dreadful wrong turns starting around the time of the Rolling Stones—the touchstone cool group Cunningham is quick to point out is on his playlist.

When will there be a change in the cultural landscape charted 25 years ago by people I am forced to call "my generation"? (I am 42.) The Rock Borg has absorbed other forms of music until they all sound the same. Andrew Loud Wobble in the theater and Philip Glass Philip Glass Philip Glass in the concert hall are rock parasites destroying the forms that host them. Only a vigorous campaign of justified loathing and vilification, a counter-revolution to undo the unjustified loathing and vilification of the Sixties, would do any good, and that is subverted by the smarmy feeling that to attack rock is a sort of blasphemy, a "self-mutilation" in Cunningham's phrase.

Kenneth LaFave
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Mr. LaFave is welcome to misread my review so long as he reads Miss Bayles's book and encourages others to do so. She argues that rock's (undeniable) existence-hating aspects are a distortion of its more benign roots—though even the pure stuff, like most good things in life, is subject to abuse. We won't win the culture war by simply denying such nuanced and inconvenient truths, or by attacking alleged motives rather than answering actual arguments. —MC

Prophet without Honor

My colleague at Northwestern University, Dan Polsby, demonstrates that a prophet is without honor in his own country ["Tale of Two Governors," May 16]. In portraying our Illinois governor, Jim Edgar, as a "don't rock the boat" chief executive, Professor Polsby exhibits a preference for sizzle over steak.

Rock the boat? Edgar is out to right a boat that capsized long ago. By removing barnacles that have encrusted the boat, he has quietly and effectively gone about the business of reinventing state government. He has:

—Downsized state agencies by more than 3,000 employees—the first time in anyone's memory that government employment actually declined.

—Removed 80,000 single, able-bodied adults from the welfare rolls, saving $150 million annually.

—Championed legislation to eliminate welfare benefits for mothers under 18 years old who refuse to pursue a high-school degree or its equivalent.

—Scrapped welfare restrictions that discouraged recipients from accepting employment and fathers from remaining with their families.

—Modernized the 40-year-old state personnel code.

—Led fellow state governors in reducing the unproductive use of business attraction and retention incentives, and overhauled his own state's policies.

—Fought for reforms in the Chicago public schools that would demand more accountability and allow principals, teachers, parents, and students to innovate free of state mandates and red tape.

—Won legislative approval to cap property taxes in areas of the state where they had grown by more than 10 per cent year after year.

It is true, as Dan suggests, that Edgar's style is low-key. He prefers to get things done, which increasingly is what voters expect their officials to do.

Don Haider
Professor of Public Management
Kellog School, Northwestern University
Chicago, Ill.

Steak made of scraped barnacles? Um—may I be excused from the table, please?

Governor Edgar's record is one that could enravish only a business-school professor—of whom Mr. Haider is admittedly one of the best. In any event Mr. Haider and I agree that the governor has been a talented, or at least a tenacious, manager. It is in his educational and moralizing roles, a.k.a. "the vision thing," that Mr. Edgar has languished. Those functions are not "sizzle" but the essence of political leadership. —DP

Corrections

In Ernest van den Haag's response to Pierre Kleff's letter [July 11], several words were inadvertently dropped. The next to last sentence should have read: "But, as did Justice Cardozo and many others, I think it's silly not to punish the police officer and instead to exclude the evidence for guilt he procured."

And in Ben C. Toledano's article "Let Us Pray?" [June 27], the next to last sentence should have read: ". . . they [checks and balances upon the Supreme Court] come directly from the people, who should not be shy about asserting those basic rights concerning which our limited government is solely the trustee."

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August 1 issue; printed July 13

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FROM THE EDITOR

With Blinkers On

■ F. E. Smith, a famous British trial lawyer and Tory politician, was once interrupted by a judge: "Mr. Smith, you have been talking now for ten minutes, and I am none the wiser."

"None the wiser perhaps, M'Lud," replied Smith, "but better informed."

The O. J. Simpson case suggests that television has reduced us all to the state of the British judiciary. Everyone who watched the hearings talks like an expert witness—discussing the most arcane details of blood groups and the Fourth Amendment—but regular TV viewing has deprived them of all common sense. An acquaintance told me he believed firmly in O. J.'s innocence.

"Yes, well, he must naturally be considered innocent until he is proved guilty," I replied in a civil-libertarian tone of voice. "Still, all the evidence seems to be against him."

"Exactly," replied my friend. "I've seen every episode of *Columbo* and such people are never guilty." And, of course, that is true. As Ben Stein pointed out in *The View from Sunset Boulevard*, if a program begins in San Francisco with a minority youth, knife in hand, next to a victim with knife wounds, you know at once that the murderer is a wealthy white vineyard owner in the Napa Valley.

Incidentally, the murderer in such cases always looks like L.A. Mayor Richard Riordan. So, if I were Mr. Riordan, I would be establishing my alibi very firmly about now.

More evidence of O. J.'s innocence is that he never once broke down in court, shouting, "I did it." Guilty people always do that on *Perry Mason*. You wonder that they ever bother to select a jury.

And what of that distinctive knife O. J. bought? Hah! I know for a fact that identical knives are on sale in virtually every shop in L.A.

After all, I've seen *Twelve Angry Men*.

■ The stock liberal policy on sexual shenanigans used to be Mrs. Patrick Campbell's remark: "I don't care what they do, provided that they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses." But time marches on, and so does liberalism. The recent Fifth Avenue march, celebrating the success of the "Gay Games," included a contingent of entirely naked people (as well as the usual bare-breasted lesbians, etc.), some of whom made rude naked gestures outside St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The response of the liberal media to these displays was endearingly Victorian: an averted gaze, a bright disquisition on the *nice* side of the march, and a determined carrying-on as if nothing of the sort had happened. Only the raucous *New York Post* carried a picture, discreetly censored, of the demonstrators.

One recalled that the networks had given a similarly bowdlerized account of last year's Gay Rights march in Washington; only the invaluable C-SPAN showed the event in all its polymorphous perversity.

A new liberal dispensation has arrived. They *do* do it in the streets and frighten the horses; but the people have been fitted out with blinkers.

■ Our contest for the best popular song on President Clinton's foreign policy is now closed; results shortly. But a late entry from Allan Grady of Alexandria into a previous contest on political laws is so apposite that I pass it on: "No politician known by his initials is good for the country."

Mr. Grady offers in support: FDR, JFK, LBJ, RFK, HRC. He concedes that Mr. Clinton is not known by his initials, but points out that his law does not assert that a politician not known by his initials *is* good for the country. That would be absurd—e.g., Jimmy Carter.

Anyone wishing to disprove Grady's Law must cite a politician known by his initials who was good for the country. Our research director suggests TR. Any others? —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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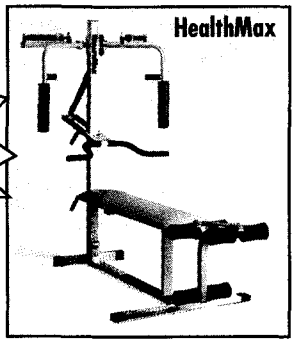

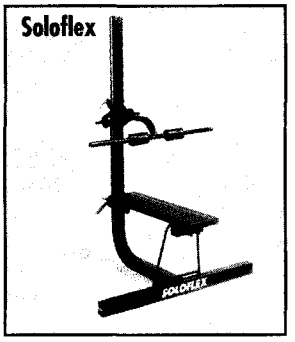

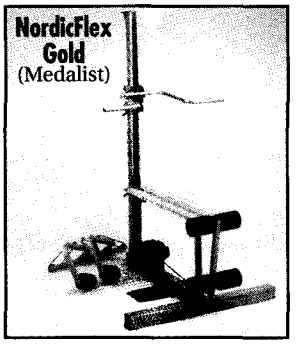

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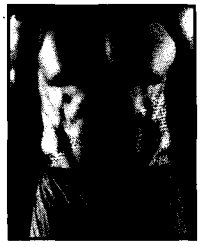
7 Hydraulic cylinder resistance system	☑ YES Adjusts to your personal resistance level with a simple twist of a dial.	☒ NO Uses rubber bands which must be changed to vary resistance level.	☒ NO Uses complicated cord/pulley/mechanical resistance system.
8 Full refund of return freight if unit returned	☑ YES If not satisfied, we will refund your cost, shipping/handling charges, and all return freight!	☒ NO You pay over $85 to return. It must go by truck to Oregon!	☒ NO They keep your $99 shipping and handling payment.
9 Payable in installments	☑ YES 9 easy credit card installments of just $36.56! ($49.00 S/H added to first installment.)	☑ YES, **BUT...**You pay $39 per month for the next *2 YEARS!* (includes 10% interest)	☑ YES, **BUT...** You pay $200 plus $99 S/H up front and then $39 per month for 23 months! (includes 12% interest)



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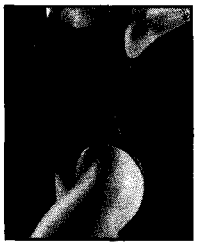

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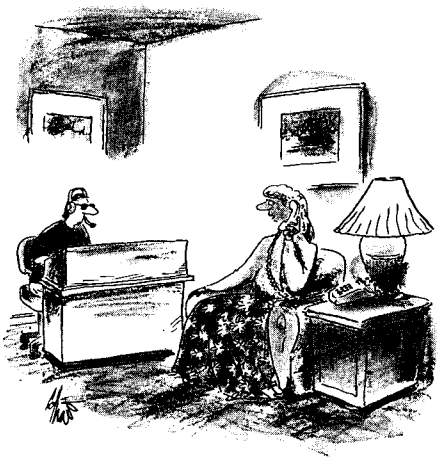
FOR THE RECORD

■ Announcement of sixth **Clinton** policy on Haiti and ineffective health-care "blitz" during July 4 congressional recess suggest White House staff shake-up having little effect. Beltway pundits entirely unimpressed. **McLaughlin** Group's **Fred Barnes** says new Chief of Staff **Leon Panetta** will make mistake of being too attuned to congressional advice. *Baltimore Sun*'s **Jack Germond** and **Jules Witcover** found laughable transfer to State Dept. of counselor **David Gergen**, who knows "as much about foreign policy as your Aunt Emma." Gergen is going to remake image of U.S. foreign policy after entering WH a year ago to reverse Clinton's opinion-poll ratings—currently in sharp downturn. . . . Behind shake-up was **Bob Woodward** book *The Agenda*, approaching a million in sales and subject of conversation at *every* D.C. dinner party. Book doomed Chief of Staff **Mack McLarty** as well as Gergen, whose cooperation with Woodward drew **Hillary**'s ire. Irony: Bringing Gergen to White House was McLarty's idea. Prez had to raise subject of "staff reorganization" with McLarty three times before he took hint he was out. *Los Angeles Times* says problem is not staff but Clinton's own "lack of decision-making discipline." . . . Panetta now telling TV interviewers he will limit WH access of outsiders like political guru **James Carville**. But Carville—behind Dems' assault on Christian Right—not likely to be deterred. Carville's fiery, sometimes incoherent stemwinder at recent New Hampshire fundraiser ripped into **Pat Robertson** and **Jerry Falwell** and said Dems are morally superior to GOP. A few days later, he criticized **William Bennett** for "preach[ing] moral superiority."

■ Health-care battle heating up. GOP Chairman **Haley Barbour** has announced **Ross Perot** will pay for Republican TV extravaganza hitting ClintonCare. (Deal has larger significance for '96 as first formal tie between Perot and GOP.) Special will be hosted by former NIH Director Dr. **Bernadine Healey** and will counter **Tom Brokaw**'s NBC News special paid for by foundation. . . . Content and timing of **Bob Dole**'s conservative health-care plan a coup for GOP Senate leader. Dole won support of 40 senators—magic number for successful Senate filibusters. Dole, who just won Iowa caucus straw vote, was also impressive in getting 43 senators to sign letter demanding resignation of Surgeon General **Joycelyn Elders**.

■ News continues promising for GOP candidates. N.Y. gubernatorial candidate **George Pataki**—enthusiastically embracing New Jersey Governor **Christine Whitman**'s tax-cut approach—leading **Mario Cuomo** in early polls. Cuomo, hurt by past vetoes of death-penalty laws, now says matter should be up to voters. Crime issue also helping GOP Attorney General candidate **Dennis C. Vacco**, a former U.S. attorney and Conservative Party favorite. . . . Speaker of the House **Thomas Foley** (D., Wash.)—hurt by his opposition to term limits—also in tight race against **Duane Alton**. . . . *Human Events* reports durable Rep. **Sander Levin** (D., Mich.)—brother of Sen. **Carl Levin** (D., Mich.) and just as left-wing—trying to stave off challenge by GOP's **John Pappageorge**. A Korea and Vietnam veteran, Pappageorge came close in 1992. . . . Upturn in GOP fortunes has political soothsayer **Kevin Phillips** beating embarrassing retreat. Phillips used cooked numbers in 1990 best-seller *The Politics of Rich and Poor* to attack **Reagan** era and last year said GOP's conservative ideology was "out of touch." Also predicted loss by Christine Whitman because of her Reagan–style tax-cut proposals. With Gov. Whitman enjoying 75 per cent popularity rating and Clinton in trouble, Phillips says his prediction of long-term Democratic hegemony may just have been a little off.



"I know *a man answered, Harold. That was my call-screener."*

■ Political correctness at Smithsonian's popular Air and Space Museum: **Matthew C. Hoffman** says in *Wall Street Journal* that **Columbus**-bashing exhibit portrays exploration as "debased and unenlightened undertaking." Officials also making PC changes in Smithsonian Arts and Industries hall. . . . National Endowment for Arts is under attack for grant to AIDS-infected artist who sprinkled audience with blood. Senate Appropriations Committee halved NEA funding for theater and visual arts. . . . House of Representatives voted to abolish 107-year-old, $47-million-a-year, entirely useless Interstate Commerce Commission.

■ German Chancellor **Helmut Kohl**—who looked like a goner six months ago—riding popularity wave with revived economy and opinion poll lead over Socialist **Rudolf Scharping**. . . . In Vatican document, Cardinal **Alfonso López Trujillo** accuses West of "biological colonialism" in pushing UN contraceptive and abortion plans. . . . Cold War codas: Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty moving HQ from Munich to Prague; U.S. Berlin Brigade, leaving city after 49 years, fêted by grateful Berliners.

■ D.C. humorist **Mark Russell** warns homeowners of telltale signs left in break-ins by Vietnamese-Americans: "Nothing is stolen and all the math homework is done." . . . *Jamestown Weekly Monitor* reports Albania has lost stigma of being only country in Europe without a gay-rights group: it now has Gay Albania Society.

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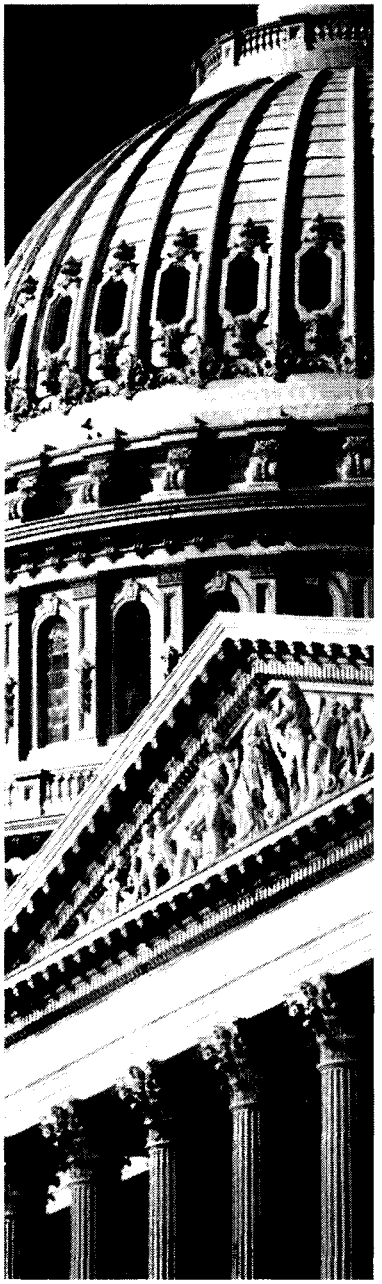
IS THERE ANY MEMBER OF CONGRESS... WHO WOULDN'T ENVY THESE RATINGS?



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Satisfaction with
QUALITY OF MANAGED CARE
89%

Satisfaction with
MANAGED CARE PHYSICIANS
83%

Satisfaction with
MANAGED CARE OVERALL
80%

Satisfaction with
OUT-OF POCKET EXPENSES
70%

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THE WEEK

■ The invasion of Haiti is a vital option this week.

■ After all his zig-zags, Senator Dole has produced a market-oriented health-care bill that 40 out of 44 Republicans can support. Considering that Mr. Dole's aide, Sheila Burke, was a chief sculptor of John Chafee's Clinton-on-the-installment-plan, this represents real progress. It means a united GOP can offer a clear health-care choice: incremental reforms that will work, versus "government health rationing." The problem is that Mr. Dole is still bobbing and weaving. On a recent *Brinkley* show, he wouldn't skewer "universal coverage"—"I think it's a goal"—and when asked about a filibuster said, "I don't think that's a strategy we have even thought about." Mr. Dole is cautious by nature, but the time is approaching when he will have to show his cards. If he stays firm, that will mean saying unpleasant things: such as that "universal coverage" is an Ira Magaziner fantasy, and that Republicans plan to filibuster any Clinton-like bill. The air has left the health-care balloon; most surveys show it fourth on the list of voters' concerns, behind taxes, crime, and education. And, as Karlyn Bowman points out in *Public Attitudes on Health Care Reform* (AEI Press), the public never supported the Clinton *plan*; it just reacted favorably to a Clinton *speech*. So, no Republican is going to lose an election on this issue—except Mr. Dole if he softens, and thus relinquishes his shot at the GOP nomination in 1996.

■ The Anti-Defamation League has done some defaming of its own in its recent report on the Religious Right. "The political agenda of the Religious Right movement is," it maintains, "an attempt to legislate [the] rejection . . . of a society that includes dissent and pluralism—the modern democratic state." Hmmm. Is that a reference to the Religious Right's support for school choice? Or maybe for tax cuts? Or is it the Christian Coalition's all-out effort to kill the Clinton health plan that represents such a threat to the democratic order? In its nearly-200-page tome the ADL stretches for *anything* to cast the Religious Right in a bad light. Thus, to demonstrate Paul Weyrich's "grim apocalypticism" (wow!), it quotes Robert Novak saying, "Paul's the only person so tough that he gets hate mail from Mother Teresa." Somehow it fails to mention that Mr. Novak made his comment *at a roast*. To show Focus on the Family's Jim Dobson as a fanatic on abortion, it notes, "while [Focus on the Family's magazine] has decried anti-abortion violence, Dobson has on at least three occasions permitted his writings on abortion to be printed by *Life Advocate* . . . [which] prints articles that both support and oppose the killing of abortion doctors." Say that again? By such thin associations are several prominent figures on the Religious Right tarred, a technique once known as McCarthyism, but now apparently an acceptable method of defending "pluralism." Of course, other Religious Right figures over the years have made comments that needn't be distorted to appear intemperate. The fact that the ADL resorted so recklessly to distortion suggests that there were not enough of these to make a good prosecution brief. As an ADL disclaimer reads, "those who object to the Religious Right too often engage in the intolerance and stereotyping they purport to decry." Dare we say, Amen?

■ Meanwhile, the American Association of University Women has released a report entitled "Unmasking Religious Right Extremism," but the extremism unmasked is chiefly its own. The report includes a list of phrases that are "tipoffs to possible religious extremist affiliation," such as: *back to basics in education*, *decency*, *pro-family*, *traditional family values*, *moral rebirth*, *school choice*, *excellence in education*, *parental control*. The report helpfully adds, "While use of these buzzwords does not prove the speaker is an extremist, it does warrant further investigation and questioning." The AAUW should be commended for its honesty about the real goals of the campaign against the Religious Right.

■ Postal officials have acknowledged that mail delivery has worsened in virtually every area of the coun-

"Well, George, I never thought I'd be glad *to look at your face in the morning."*

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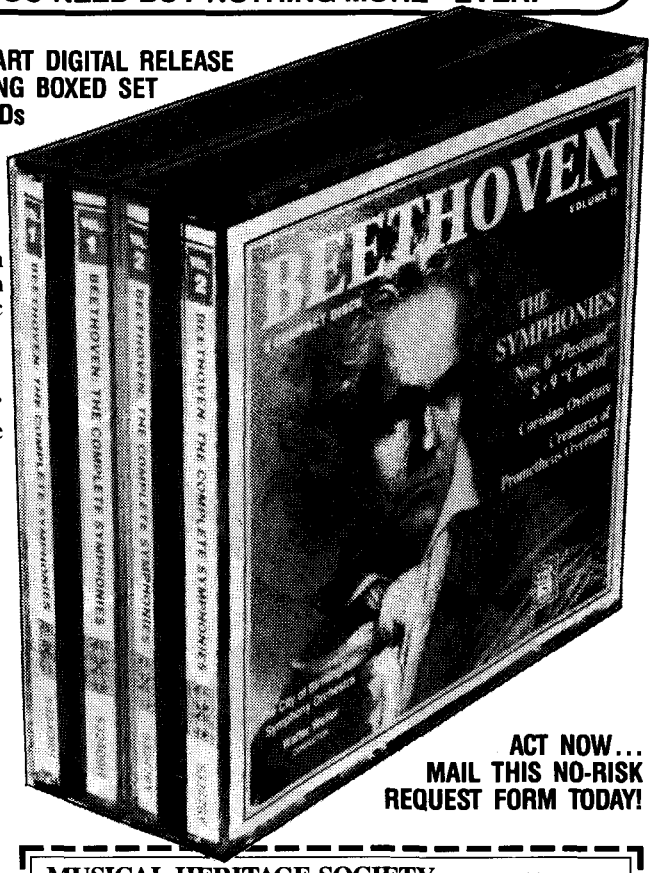

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try. The White House is expected to announce that Bill Clinton's draft notice just showed up.

■ A new study of Clinton tax policy, by Daniel R. Feenberg of the National Bureau of Economic Research (NBER) and Harvey S. Rosen of Princeton University, shows that working couples at the top and bottom of the income spectrum get hit hardest by Clintonomics. Some couples with two children and total earnings of $20,000 will pay over $3,000 more in taxes this year than if they were single. Their standard deduction, personal exemptions, and earned-income tax credit will yield a refund of $359 if they file jointly. However, should they divorce, each take a child, and each file as a head of household, they would each get a refund of $2,038—for the two of them, $3,717 more than if they stay together. Meanwhile, a single person earning $50,000 is in the 28 per cent bracket. But if two such people marry, their new joint income puts them in the 31 per cent bracket. The repeal of the "two-earner deduction" in 1986 and the creation of three new tax brackets (31 per cent in 1990, then 36 per cent and 39.6 per cent in 1993) have handed two-earner families a huge "marriage penalty." In short, Clintonomics punishes economic success, rewards family break-up, and encourages dependency on the government. Can such unintended consequences really be unintended the fifth time round?

■ For months now, FDA Commissioner David Kessler has been announcing that tobacco companies "manipulate" the level of nicotine in cigarettes. Recently a congressman asked the obvious question: How could tobacco companies tell consumers that each Kool or Camel contains so many milligrams of nicotine *without* "manipulation"? By the same token, don't brewers, vintners, and distillers "manipulate" alcohol concentrations? No, Dr. Kessler insisted with a straight face, the makers of alcoholic beverages do not control the potency of their products, except in the case of "fortified" wine. The FDA chief is driven to say such silly things because he thinks nicotine "manipulation" reinforces the idea that tobacco should be considered a drug subject to FDA authority. He wants to use the threat of a ban—which is what FDA regulation of tobacco would mean—to force the tobacco companies to accept new restrictions on manufacturing, advertising, and sales. This is also why he calls cigarettes "nicotine delivery devices," though he doesn't call beer, wine, and liquor simply "ethanol delivery devices." Yet.

■ When the sealed brown envelope glimpsed briefly at O. J. Simpson's preliminary hearing was described as the biggest mystery in America, some assumed it contained Mr. Clinton's foreign policy.

■ Last month, Lynn Kivi, a mother of two children in Woodstock, Georgia, slapped her 9-year-old son in a Winn-Dixie supermarket for picking on his sister. A few minutes later, as she was putting her groceries into her car, a policeman arrested her for cruelty to children, a felony charge. She was taken to jail, where she would have remained had her husband not cashed in his pension fund to pay the $22,050 bond. Prosecutors must now decide whether to bring her case to a grand jury. A small incident but a frightening one, because it illustrates the extent to which the crank social prohibitions of New Class liberalism have been internalized by such presumptively Bubba figures as Georgia cops. Sure, it provoked enough surprise to make it onto *Today*. But so will the *first* lynching of a smoker.

■ NATIONAL REVIEW regrets to announce that its patience with Kim Jong Il is exhausted.

■ On July 1, the Senate voted 50 to 50 on a Dole–Lieberman bill to lift the U.S. arms embargo on Bosnia. With the tie, the bill failed. A similar bill having passed the House in June, the result in the Senate narrowly averted a humiliating blow to the President's Bosnia policy (such as it is) just before he was departing for Europe. Seven Republicans—the usual suspects: John Chafee, John Danforth, Mark Hatfield, Nancy Kassebaum, John Warner, Judd Gregg, and Conrad Burns—joined 43 Democrats to save the President's face, thinking this more important than giving the Bosnians the chance to save themselves. The insurgent effort to lift the absurd embargo will continue, however, when the Senate–House conference takes up the defense authorization bill to which these bills were amendments. With the Serbs rejecting the mediators' latest peace plan, the odds that the Bosnians will finally get a chance to defend themselves may be improving.

■ Whoever says Bill Clinton doesn't know how to deal decisively with foreign governments is just plain wrong, as witness a recent memorandum from the President on eagle feathers. With "due respect," writes Mr. Clinton, for "the government-to-govern-

Beloved Leader

As Sonny takes the reins from Dad
With Rorschach test results so bad
They keep them under lock and key,
One views with some anxiety
The President, who seems all thumbs,
While Foggy Bottom turns to Tums.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ment relationship between the Federal and Native American tribal governments," it must be noted that eagle feathers "hold a sacred place in Native American culture and religious practice." Therefore the President instructs all relevant "executive departments and agencies (hereafter collectively 'agency' or 'agencies') . . . to improve their collection and transfer of eagle carcasses and eagle body parts ('eagles') for Native American religious purposes." Without a hint of dithering, the President commands "each agency responsible for managing Federal lands to diligently and expeditiously recover salvageable eagles . . . and ensure that the eagles are promptly shipped to the National Eagle Repository ('Repository')." Americans may now rest assured that, while such trouble spots as Europe, Africa, and Asia remain, the eagle-feather issue has been settled.

■ The *Washington Post* reports that the Clinton Administration has finally hit upon a "theme" for its foreign policy: "crisis prevention," which sounds worthy enough but may be a little late in the game.

Kim Il Sang

THE "sincere condolences" that President Clinton expressed on Kim Il Sung's death were only the latest grotesquerie that his Administration's policy has led us into. Kim Il Sung, you will remember, was a totalitarian aggressor responsible for the deaths of 54,000 American servicemen and the torture and brainwashing of American POWs; his regime developed state terrorism into a creative art form, murdering half the South Korean cabinet with a bomb in Rangoon and planting other bombs on South Korean airliners. He was hellbent on acquiring nuclear weapons and the ballistic missiles to deliver them. In return for deceptive concessions, he was about to be rewarded with a triumphal summit with the democratic South Korean president and new high-level talks with the U.S., signifying the international acceptance he had long sought. A merciful God spared us this final embarrassment.

The Administration's nervousness comes from the unpredictability of a successor regime after almost fifty years of one-man rule, especially when the successor—son and heir Kim Jong Il—has the reputation of being flaky as well as murderous. Indeed, many believe it was he, not the old man, who thought up those terrorist incidents. We've gone from Stalin to Caligula, anxious U.S. officials told Jim Hoagland of the *Washington Post*.

How did the Administration get into this position? Essentially, it abdicated control over events several weeks ago, when instead of driving hard to impose tough UN sanctions and bring the issue to a head, it opted instead for weak and incremental sanctions, the quest for which left it vulnerable to renewed diplomatic offensives by Pyongyang. Jimmy Carter was the perfect instrument for Kim, transmitting to the outside world a deceptive proposal to "freeze" the North Korean nuclear-weapons program in exchange for high-level talks and the dropping of sanctions. The proposal is deceptive because North Korea, having flouted the Non-Proliferation Treaty by removing fuel rods (from which rods weapons-grade plutonium can be obtained) from a nuclear reactor, now needs to wait a few months for the rods to cool before extracting any of the fuel. We paid handsomely for a pause that we were going to get for free—without the slightest assurance that North Korea would not, after two months, proceed on its original bomb-making schedule.

When Stalin (the real one) died in March 1953, after 25 years of rule, his people too wept in the streets out of fear of the unknown. More important for our current purposes is that his successors were equally fearful; they bought a breathing space at home by making a number of concessions abroad—ending the Korean War, pushing a compromise in Indochina, agreeing to vacate Austria. In barely two years, however, they had regained their self-confidence and consolidated their power in order to torment the world for another three and a half decades.

The lesson of history is that this may be a moment not to mourn the dead monster but to seize the strategic opportunity—to *increase* the pressure on an undoubtedly vulnerable regime that has far more reason to fear the future than we do. This is the moment to raise the stakes—to insist that North Korea will be strangled by sanctions unless and until it surrenders its nuclear capability.

There is speculation that the regime may crumble of its own accord. Perhaps it will. But it is equally possible that the military and Party and secret police will rally behind the dynastic successor, having seen in the East German case how limited were the career prospects of their counterparts under unification. A weak Western policy, which sells our reassur-

Et Tu, Panama?

The Coast Guard cutters stagger.
  Guantanamo is full.
In Florida, Dade County
  Is up to here with bull.
In Port-au-Prince, lieutenants
  Play bridge until tattoo.
In Washington, they'll either
  Storm beaches or skiddoo.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ances for too low a price, will only give them time to consolidate their power and resume the policy of maneuver and deception that their departed Great Leader had raised to such a high art.

Selling the Rope

ONE OF the sleeper issues of this historical period is the congressional battle over export controls—maintaining the restrictions on exports of sensitive, militarily usable advanced technology. A crucial skirmish in this battle is about to take place.

With the end of the Cold War, the temptation here (as in allied countries) has been to scrap such restrictions as bad for business. It is easy to forget that a new class of outlaw nations (North Korea, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Libya) is vying hard to replace the old Soviet Union as Enemy Number One—and doing so by attempting to acquire military technology.

Sure enough, the Clinton Administration has allowed COCOM (the NATO Cold War–era export-control system) to lapse and is backing a feeble new version of the U.S. Export Administration Act that gives priority to promoting U.S. high-tech exports, with little regard to the hands into which they might fall. Unfortunately, many Republicans have been just as bad. The instinct to help U.S. firms and jobs needs to be tempered by an equally strong instinct for national survival—to be sure that in the next confrontation with a rogue state, be it North Korea or Iran or Iraq, American troops do not find themselves mauled by lethal weaponry that American companies helped build. No U.S. company should want to be in that position; nor should any American politician forget the political retribution that was wreaked on the Bush Administration after the Gulf War for its laxity in this area before that conflict.

HR-3937, as reported out by the House Foreign Affairs Committee, is by that standard a formula for national disaster. Its "reforms" would hamstring the U.S. Government in its efforts to restrain sensitive exports. The House Armed Services Committee has recommended some improvements—which are barely adequate but which would at least avoid a historic blunder. These changes would, inter alia, restore some of the Pentagon's traditional role in interagency deliberations on export-control cases. An amendment by Representative John Kasich (R., Ohio) would require the President to compile a list of the "most sensitive" technologies—and require special licenses for any export of such items to *any* destination. An amendment by Representative Duncan Hunter (R., Calif.) would make it harder for the secretary of commerce to waive through a militarily usable export on the claim that it might at some time in the future be available from foreign manufacturers.

These strategic-minded Republicans have been joined by a group of commendably serious liberal arms-controllers. This odd but valiant coalition is struggling to plug the hole in the dike. It deserves support. The stakes might prove much higher than they look today.

The Comedians

THE Clinton Administration's Haiti policy will have changed between the time this is written and the time you read it, but that is not due to *NR*'s publication schedule. It is, rather, because the Clinton policy changes each day, and sometimes twice a day.

We currently see humble American emissaries seeking countries in the Caribbean willing to warehouse a few thousand Haitians. The experience with Panama—which agreed to take 10,000 and then thought better of it—was a model of diplomatic incompetence. Negotiations with Panama were handled by novices from the National Security Council instead of by diplomats who know that country. Why? The State Department's Latin American bureau is excluded from Haiti policy-making, because the experts there (like their counterparts at CIA and the Pentagon) think American policy is daft.

For example, the U.S. has now adopted a form of class warfare that reflects the politics of our ally, exiled President Jean-Bertrand Aristide. The United States has frozen the assets here, and cancelled the visas, of all Haitians. No distinction was drawn between those who support democracy and those who oppose it. The Haitian generals and Aristide's former prime minister were treated alike, as was every businessman on the island.

The Clinton line is that this is done to educate and punish "the elites" in Port-au-Prince. Right: we now line up with Aristide and believe that the issue in Haiti is not democrats against dictators, but the Elites against the People—and their Representative, Père Aristide. Anyone who has any property, and who might travel to Miami, is automatically the Enemy, while the poor are Good. That Aristide takes this view is no surprise; that an American government should back it is revolting. Meanwhile, reports have begun to appear on American TV about the disease, malnutrition, and death among Haiti's poor that our embargo is probably causing, certainly aggravating. It is American policy to destroy the economy of this hemisphere's poorest country, and give the Clintonites credit: it is one foreign-policy goal they actually are achieving.

Will Mr. Clinton order an invasion of Haiti? He

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seems alternately tempted and terrified. Tempted, because he could then send back all the Haitian migrants, strengthen his political prospects in Florida, and meanwhile show that he too can be tough. Terrified, because an invasion gone wrong would hurt him politically.

Terror is the healthier reaction. Père Aristide himself has again, very publicly, rejected the idea of invading Haiti. He would certainly refuse to return to Haiti while it was under American rule. Mr. Clinton's in-house hawks (all former doves who have finally found a country to which they want to send the Marines) are telling him we'll be out in a jiffy, handing over to the UN forces. What UN forces? Where—and, in the light of Panama, how firm—are the commitments from other leaders? What if this becomes Mr. Clinton's Somalia? (Or, to be precise, his second Somalia?)

At best, Père Aristide would refuse to go back and there would be a broad coalition government running the country under UN tutelage. Fine—let's go for that deal now, without the invasion. Alternative policies—all of which include broad political coalitions in Haiti, changes in the military high command, massive food and medicine shipments to the island, an end to the embargo, and an international presence—are possible, without Aristide. So the bottom line is this: Shall we send 15,000 American troops to invade Haiti and risk an indefinite occupation because Mr. Clinton is afraid to defy his party's left wing and the Black Caucus? If so, how many GIs may die persuading Randall Robinson to live?

William of Orange?

AT THE recent Texas Republican convention, the surprise winner of the presidential straw poll was William Bennett. (Full disclosure: an *NR* Senior Editor.) Or perhaps the not-so-surprise winner. The Texas convention was notable for the participation of religiously oriented social conservatives, most of them evangelical Protestants. In a fallow season, Mr. Bennett has been one of their sturdiest and—because he is a Catholic intellectual with Ivy League credentials—most effective champions. At the 1992 Houston convention, he struck chords dear to their hearts. Since then, he has campaigned for conservative candidates and issues, notably the failed California school-choice initiative. *The Book of Virtues* spent 14 weeks on the *New York Times* best-seller list, displacing both soul-mate Rush Limbaugh and soul-opposite Howard Stern. And Mr. Bennett wields an authority in media debates that few politicians can match. He is, in short, the moral Right's natural leader.

Yet in an another GOP straw poll—in Iowa, a state with a strong Christian Right presence—Mr. Bennett finished back in the pack. He seems to have been defeated there by his own ambivalence. In 1993, he told *Roll Call* that "running for President was not what I wanted to do for the next three years," although he was "not ruling it out forever." Certainly a candidate with his résumé—heavy on advocacy, blank on elective-office-holding—could not run in the traditional way, which is an unbroken pilgrimage to party fundraisers and pot-luck suppers. But Jesse Jackson, Pat Buchanan, and Ross Perot have shown that there is both an appetite for outsiders and, in the media, a new way of arousing and organizing a national constituency.

Jack Kemp, the voice of economic conservatism, remains the front-runner on the Right. But the conservative movement has no crown prince, and none of the active Republican hopefuls are concentrating on Mr. Bennett's issues—unless indeed, like William Weld, they are actively on the other side. Those whose interests substantially overlap with his—Jack Kemp, Pat Buchanan, Dan Quayle, perhaps Malcolm Wallop and Pete du Pont—also differ from him on substantial points. And in the post-Reagan ideological flux, the conservative movement is being forced to redefine itself. Mr. Bennett should seriously consider giving the straw-voters something solid to think about. If he decides to sit this one out, the moral conservatives may have a lower place at the Republican table—and very thin gruel.

Francophonic Africa

The Hutu and the Tutsi still
Converse in French, while on a hill
The Legionnaires still draw a line
That sappers still routinely mine,
While in Paree, a Socialist
Directs dominion never missed
Where Englishmen and Portuguese
Once sweated in the fetid breeze.

W. H. VON DREELE

It's Your Money They're After

THE Administration learned a lesson when Congress rejected its stimulus package last year. Why risk busting the deficit or raising taxes for things you can sneak through "off budget"? This time the Clintonites want low-income housing, infrastructure, and other "investments" to be financed by your pension funds.

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Why pensions? As Willie Sutton would say, because that's where the money is—$3.4 trillion, or 40 per cent of the nation's total financial assets. Of course, this money hasn't been gathering dust. It's fully invested, generating $150 billion a year in pension benefits for millions of retirees. To protect against mismanagement and corruption, pension-fund managers operate under strict federal rules requiring them to seek the maximum safe return for their beneficiaries.

Enter Labor Secretary Robert Reich and HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros, hoping to divert that money into politically inspired projects that the present regulations would prohibit as too risky. Mr. Reich recently announced new ERISA (Employee Retirement Income Security Act) regulations governing pension investments. These will, in the words of a Joint Economic Committee press release, "facilitate safe and profitable investment in needed public development projects." Mr. Cisneros also helped the

RIGHT DATA

How Quickly We Forget

HAVE conservatives lost their zeal for small government? Did we ever have it? The lack of a genuine commitment, according to David Frum, explains "why, despite all the caterwauling about Reagan's supposedly savage budget cuts, not one major spending program . . . was eliminated during his Presidency. That is why federal spending (adjusted for inflation) rose by 50 per cent over the eight Reagan years."

The Reagan record tells a different story.

GOVERNMENT GROWTH BY ADMINISTRATION
(Real Average Annual % Change)

	FYs	Total Spending	Domestic Spending	Defense Spending	Net Interest
Kennedy	1961–64	4.0	8.5	0.4	5.1
Johnson	1964–69	5.4	6.1	4.8	5.5
Nixon	1969–75	2.7	9.3	–6.9	4.0
Ford	1975–77	3.0	5.1	–2.0	5.1
Carter	1977–81	4.0	3.3	2.9	13.1
Reagan	1981–89	2.5	0.7	4.7	7.4
Bush	1989–93	1.5	4.2	–4.7	0.5
Clinton	1993–97E	1.6	3.8	–5.9	1.3

Despite the defense buildup, total federal spending grew more slowly during the Reagan years than in previous Administrations. More importantly the Federal Government's share of GDP, after growing persistently, was reduced—from 22.9 per cent in 1981 to 22.1 per cent in 1989.

Perhaps the best index of presidential intent is domestic spending, a broad category that includes mandatory entitlements and discretionary programs. In 1960 domestic spending accounted for about 40 per cent of the budget, and 7.6 per cent of GDP. Then came food stamps (1961), Medicaid, and Medicare (1965). The Great Society relaxed eligibility requirements for these programs while adding expensive new federal commitments in elementary and secondary education, job training, housing, and social services. Domestic spending soared throughout the Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon years. Surprisingly, the main culprit was not the War on Poverty but Social Security, where benefits were increased on seven separate occasions between 1965 and 1975. By 1981 domestic spending accounted for 66.7 per cent of the budget and 15.3 per cent of GDP.

Ronald Reagan reversed these trends. The 1981 budget act cut welfare payments by lowering the income eligibility levels for food stamps and AFDC. Ineffectual programs such as the Comprehensive Education and Training Act (CETA) were terminated entirely. Discretionary domestic spending, after rising 55 per cent in constant dollars during the eight years prior to 1981, fell by 12 per cent during Reagan's eight years. With the exception of catastrophic-illness insurance, later dropped, no major domestic spending programs were launched during the Reagan years.

Middle-class goodies, long regarded as untouchable, were touched: In 1983 Reagan delayed the cost-of-living adjustment (COLA) for Social Security. Federal employee retirement COLAs were eliminated or delayed several times in the early 1980s.

Although entitlement spending did not fall, it grew far more slowly on Ronald Reagan's watch, actually declining as a percentage of GDP. This progress ended with the 1990 budget agreement. While touted for its "unprecedented" restraint on entitlements, that law merely required that "new" entitlement spending be offset by spending cuts or tax hikes. Medicaid, Social Security, and unemployment insurance were untouched. As a result, by 1993 entitlements accounted for 12.4 per cent of GDP, up from 10.4 per cent in 1989.

Even the rosy projections in Bill Clinton's latest budget (achieved by keeping the health alliances off budget) can't shake Dick Darman's legacy.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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cause, announcing "new and future HUD projects designed to attract pension capital for affordable housing, community development, and job creation."

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, America's private pension system is in no shape to do the dirty work of balancing Bill Clinton's budget. The gap between what major corporations promise to pay retirees and what they have in their pension plans skyrocketed to $38 billion in 1992 (the latest available figures), up 31 per cent from 1991. It was the fifth consecutive year that the unfunded liability grew. Pensioners are sleeping easy, however, secure in the knowledge that their benefits are fully insured by the Pension Benefit Guarantee Corporation, a federal agency. In 1992, the PBGC assumed the obligations of 118 failed pension plans.

The parallels between the pension mess and the S&L debacle are uncomfortably obvious. Federal deposit insurance encouraged the weakest S&Ls to make the riskiest loans. If they paid off, the banks got stronger. If they failed, the government picked up the tab. Similarly, weak companies have every incentive to save money by substituting generous pension commitments for wage hikes. Heads, they win. Tails, the taxpayers lose.

Ideally, federal pension insurance should be phased out. This could be accomplished by encouraging companies to switch from defined-benefit plans to defined-contribution plans. Alternatively, pension funds should be required to purchase private insurance. As long as taxpayers are at risk, however, any deviation from a squeaky-clean, market-driven pension investment policy is strictly off limits. Congress should take a cold hard look at what Messrs. Reich and Cisneros are up to—and blow the whistle before your financial roof caves in.

Philip Nicolaides, R I P

AT 64, Phil was too young to die, but so he would have been at 104. He combined jollity and piety like some unlikely fusion of Falstaff and Aquinas; it seemed there was nothing he didn't delight in, and almost nobody he didn't delight. A large personality lay behind his lightest quip, as when he said of Ted Kennedy that "his religion is so private he won't even impose it on himself," or when he described a pleasant but hopelessly timid man as "filet of human being."

Phil was born in New York City in 1930, the son of a distinguished artist, Kimon Nicolaides, from whom he inherited some of the many gifts he would later put to use in conservative causes. At various times he earned his living as an actor, singer, teacher, editorial writer, caricaturist, ad copy writer, public-relations man, and campaign manager.

Phil handled publicity for James Buckley's historic 1970 Senate campaign, creating its famous slogan: "Isn't it time *we* had a senator?" He went on to manage twenty campaigns in New York and Texas before being named deputy director of the Voice of America by Ronald Reagan, a post he was forced to resign for excessive Reaganism: he urged the Voice to adopt a more anti-Soviet tone, and the *Washington Post* managed to turn his memo on the subject into a scandal. More easily amused than crushed by adversity, Phil addressed the controversy in typical fashion: he anonymously phoned a local talk-radio station, adopted one of his many hilarious foreign accents, identified himself as an Eastern European refugee from Communism, and defended "Meestair Neecolaides" in the third person. More recently he found himself at odds with the most powerful currents in the conservative movement, particularly over the Gulf War; and so the greatest bundle of talent in the movement went unemployed for several years, living alone with his slowly dying mother, who finally succumbed last year. Weeks ago, shortly after Pat Buchanan took him on as a consultant, he learned he had cancer.

Phil's ultimate response to all his troubles was to thank God for "a wonderful life." And he meant it. He delighted in people, in music from Palestrina to Broadway, in beauty of all kinds, in everything God made. Gratitude to his Creator came naturally to him; Catholicism, sacramental and cultural, was the greatest of his many loves.

The night before he died he cheerfully told his niece of his doctor's assurance that 9 out of 10 patients survived this operation. He recounted the conversation: "How many have you done?"

"Nine."

"How many have lived?"

"Nine."

A friend brought a seven-year-old to see him the day of the surgery; drugged as he was, he had the energy to clown and make faces. That was Phil. If these were to be his final moments, he wasn't going to pass up his last chance to make a little boy laugh.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Good watch story ["Which Watch? And Why?" May 30]—surprised you didn't snap up the Vacheron. Hah!

As part of my business, I deal in secondary (pun) market watches. Years ago, I sold a local businessman a glorified Rolex bedecked in diamonds, dial and bezel. Damn thing hardly ever worked—he returned it many times for service only to have it unexplainably stop on a dime. He finally gave up and wore it as jewelry.

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- Why it is inaccurate to call our system a "democracy"
- The rise of "judicial activism." The Court's effort to drive religion and morality out of public life. How Constitutional *protections* of religion gradually became laws against religion
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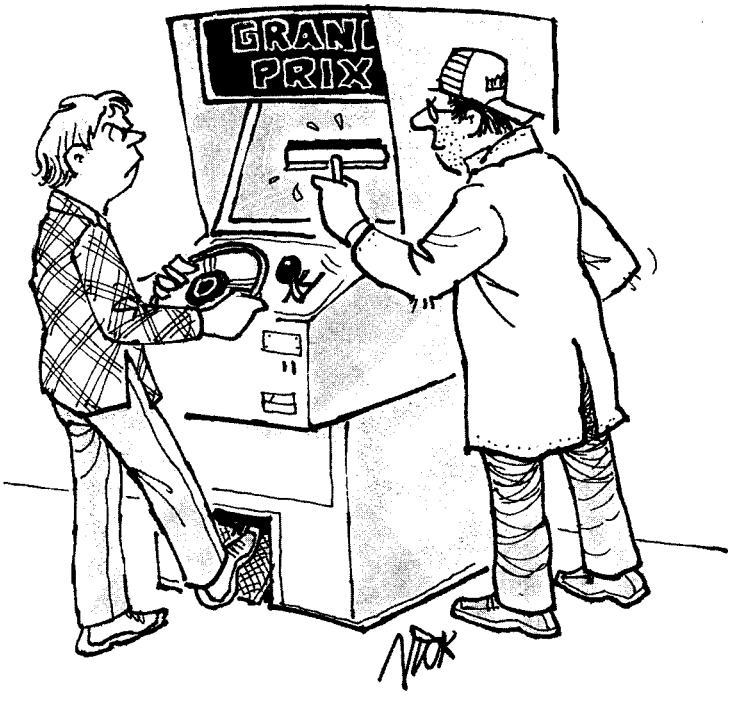

He died in a fiery small-plane crash in Virginia. Later, friends told me—with suppressed smiles—of a statement made by the investigating state trooper: "Well, at least we know the exact time of the crash—his Rolex stopped at 1:36." Ah, René Vos, I hope you're up there smiling, and I hope you have the exact time.

Gene Brandenburg
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sir:

Clearly, we suffer from the same chronometric addiction disorder.

I am fascinated by timepieces even though I no longer wear a watch, a nose ring, or jewelry. I have an old Rolex and a few others. One is a Seiko Alarm Watch, the result of a poker game I won from the now president of an emerging nation. Somehow, I fancied that this heavy wrist anchor would wake me up in the course of my travels to exotic climes where no one else would keep track of time.

Since my friends at Matson celebrated my 100th birthday with a small party of a few hundred that only lasted three days, I have lost all track of time. My memories are frequently twenty years off, particularly when I mistake a daughter for her long dead mother.

This excepts my voyages near Kusaie with a German captain. We conduct scientific experiments in the study of North Equatorial and Counter Equatorial currents. Using empty wine bottles we have been able to chart precise drifts with satellite reckonings that were not possible in my earlier days.

But it is with the same nostalgia that I share your affections for an old, erratic, gimballed brass chronometer.

Since you are another keeper of times, may I ask you how I could possibly catch up with several hundred years of reading that I will leave behind?

Sincerely,
Dead Reckonings Dan
(Dan Neblett)
Lafayette, Calif.

Dear Mr. Neblett: You could not accomplish this unless you lived forever; on the other hand, doesn't this seem, in your case, more and more likely? Cordially,
WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was recently in Geneva and my hotel had several displays of elegant watches in the lobby. I examined them with interest until I saw the following slogan posted above a particularly expensive model: *Seulement vous sauriez pourquoi*. I chuckled at this highly appropriate use of the subjunctive, stared down at my slightly battered Citizen quartz, and walked away satisfied.

Sincerely,
Joseph A. Dehais
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Mr. Dehais: Yes, that's nice. It recalls the passenger who got into the cab at Logan Airport, directed the driver to take him to where he could get scrod, and was complimented on his fine use of the subjunctive. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Anent your obituary on Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis [June 13].

Your last paragraph: "And she was true to her Christian faith, which in the final ceremony irradiated Jackie's class, a creature of God."

Pray tell, how do you reconcile that statement with this: "In the last 10 years of her life, [Jackie] Onassis kept company with a married financier and diamond merchant, Maurice Templesman. . . . An acquaintance of Jack Kennedy's, the Belgian-born Tempelsman, 64, eventually moved into her Fifth Avenue flat and shared her life at her $2 million summer spread in Martha's Vineyard" (*Time* magazine, May 30).

Sincerely,
Berman E. Deffenbaugh Jr.
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Mr. Deffenbaugh: I don't reconcile it. And in any event we don't know anything about such details as would concern a theological court. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce "shared" lives after her conversion to Catholicism, and she received a very orthodox memorial Mass at St. Patrick's, presided over by the cardinal. I gave the eulogy, and it was full-throated. Cordially,
—WFB

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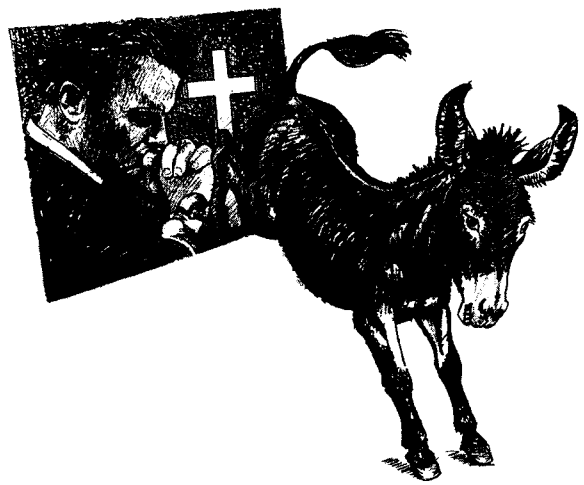
ON THE SCENE

Crucifying the Christian Right

RICH LOWRY



Alan Nahigian

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ONE of the first salvos in the Democratic cannonade against the Religious Right came in a June 9 Al Hunt column in the *Wall Street Journal*. Hunt led with the story of Sue Munsey, former president of the Cocoa Beach, Florida, Chamber of Commerce. Miss Munsey, he related, had been considering running for Congress as a Republican. Then she attended a GOP county executive meeting "and was stunned: the session was dominated by Religious Right activists, and it was made clear that she was out of place. The following week she announced her congressional candidacy—as a Democrat."

Pretty chilling. But Mr. Hunt doesn't mention that seven candidates were clawing for the Republican nomination, and none for the Democratic—until Sue Munsey had her conversion. Local GOP officials had word that Democrats were courting her even before the fateful meeting, where she says Republican extremism on abortion (i.e., being pro-life) turned her off. The chairman of the local GOP even says he'd never before seen her at a county executive meeting. No wonder she felt "out of place."

The offensive against the Religious Right began with shots from DNC Chairman David Wilhelm early in June and built to the week of June 20, when Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee (DCCC) Chairman Vic Fazio, Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, and President Clinton all slammed it. These broadsides are a test run for the Democrats' congressional campaign strategy in the fall.

So far, the maneuver has faltered for lack of fuel: the Democrats are unable to support their charges of extremism. At his June 21 National Press Club appearance, for example, Fazio predicted Democrats will be "picking up seats [in the fall] that are being fought out over issues of intolerance, issues related to the agenda of the radical Right as the agenda of the Republican Party." One reporter wanted to know what he meant by "intolerance."

Fazio: "Well, I think intolerance, essentially is a desire to forget there's a separation between church and state, for example."

Another asked what's "radical" in the Religious Right's agenda.

"Well, I guess, I fear the intolerance, as I said earlier, of people"—

"Specifically?" insisted the reporter.

—"as it comes down to books in the library, magazines, and newspapers, things that relate to people's sexual preference, places in which it's appropriate to express your faith, and ways in which you might do it."

In other words, Fazio doesn't have an answer. Democrats would love to find a Republican candidate out to ban books; they'll look in vain. The Religious Right—as the Christian Coalition's Ralph Reed announced it would in a *Policy Review* article last summer—is emphasizing mainstream issues like taxes and crime. Even those candidates closely aligned with it (at most, 1 in every 15 GOP congressional candidates, according to Charlie Cook, editor of the *Cook Political Report*) are looking to win votes, not jihads.

Take another Al Hunt target. In his June 9 column, Hunt highlighted a traditionally Republican congressional district in Idaho now represented by Democrat Larry LaRocco. "With a former lieutenant governor running for the GOP nomination, the Republicans were optimistic" about re-taking the seat, Hunt reported. "But the upset primary victory of Religious Right candidate Helen Chenoweth—who on a recent trip to Washington sought to assure . . . Charlie Cook 'I'm not a Nazi'—has left Representative LaRocco the favorite."

Miss Chenoweth, a natural-resources consultant and GOP campaign manager and consultant for about twenty years, did upset former Lieutenant Governor David Leroy. But not as a fringe candidate. She rolled up 48 per cent of the primary vote in a four-way race. "It was a textbook campaign, tremendous organization and tremendous excitement," says local pollster Greg Smith. A local TV station's poll before the primary had her leading LaRocco 46 to 44, while Leroy slightly trailed the incumbent.

While Helen Chenoweth is pro-life and supports Idaho's version of Colorado's Amendment 2, she plans to pocket those issues and instead talk about President Clinton—whose approval ratings hover at about 24 per cent in Idaho—and Bruce Babbitt's "War on the West." "Interesting race," is how Charlie Cook sums it up. "Doesn't have a lot to do with religion, though."

Democrats may not be able to find actual "intolerant" or "radical" GOP candidates, but they'll have accomplished something if their attack rhetoric spooks Republican moderates; the more

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

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John Warners assailing their party's base, the better.

But so far, there haven't been many Warners. The day of Fazio's remarks, RNC Chairman Haley Barbour blasted the Democrats for "consider[ing] religious bigotry an acceptable campaign strategy." On the Senate floor, Bob Dole mounted a similar defense. And all 44 Republican senators (including Jeffords, Danforth, and their ilk) signed a letter assailing Democrats who "cheapen our democracy through religious bigotry."

"The key here," says Free Congress Foundation President Paul Weyrich, "is that the Republican leadership for the first time in my political lifetime reacted properly."

There's a reason. It has become hard to deny the Religious Right's value to the GOP. In the special House races this spring in Oklahoma and Kentucky, the Christian Coalition ran phone banks, did 10,000 mailings, and distributed 90,000 voter guides. The result: Republican victories in traditionally Democratic districts. And the Religious Right is willing to play by inclusionary rules. Paul Coverdell and Kay Bailey Hutchison—both pro-choice—won Senate seats last year with the support of Christian conservatives. "Republicans know," says Ralph Reed, "what a vital role the pro-family voters have played in giving Republicans nine victories in the last nine major elections."

Far from feeling beleaguered, the Christian Right is making the most of the attacks. The day after it ran an ad in *USA Today* supporting the right of the religious to be involved in politics, the Family Research Council, a relatively small outfit, received an unprecedented one thousand calls in response.

At least some Clinton officials still realize that talking softly with the Religious Right—as the White House did assiduously before this spring—is smarter than carrying a big stick.

On June 22, Administration officials met with the legal counsel for several evangelical groups in White House counsel Lloyd Cutler's office. The evangelicals asked for an Administration "ombudsman" to ensure its compliance with the Religious Freedom Restoration Act, a law, signed by Clinton last November, designed to protect religious speech and action from government burdens. Philip Lader, White House deputy chief of staff, said he liked the idea and hoped that in the future evangelicals would bring complaints to the Administration before publicly criticizing the President. Clinton himself popped in to assure the group of his commitment to religious freedom.

The evangelicals left the White House feeling a distinct rapport—only to be greeted with Joycelyn Elders's sound bites and the President's angry remarks two days later on a St. Louis radio station. "It really seemed like Jekyll-and-Hyde behavior," says Michael Whitehead, public-policy lawyer for the Southern Baptist Convention.

Mr. Hyde hasn't played well. Democrats knew they'd be walking a fine line between condemning political enemies and condemning all people of faith. "We need to refer to them as the far Religious Right, or as right-wing extremists," went one strategic memo quoted by Cokie Roberts on *Nightline*. "But preferably the radical Right." (The words "Christian" and "religious" get overwhelmingly favorable reactions in polls, the word "radical" hardly any at all.) Fazio, badgered by reporters about the Christian Right, made a point of switching back to "radical" and noting, "I use that term far more than the questions have implied."

It's a risky semantic distinction—especially when 42 per cent of *Democrats* identify themselves as Born Again. "If you look at the congressional districts where the Democrats are in trouble in the South and the West, there are large religious populations," says John Green, a University of Akron political scientist. "Not all of them are lined up with Pat Robertson. But when they start hearing this anti-religious rhetoric, there's a real danger they'll feel attacked."

One border-state Democrat, Representative Scotty Baesler, who plans to run for governor of Kentucky next year, has already rejected the strategy, saying he won't accept any support from Fazio's DCCC in his re-election effort this year. "They might have [a] national perspective they're looking at," he told a local TV station, "but from Kentucky's perspective, I don't think [it's] very helpful."

Democrats need something helpful soon. In a typical election year, there are 30 to 50 competitive congressional races. This year there are roughly 175, and about 129 of those are for seats held by Democrats. Of 30 seats now occupied by Democrats who will not be running for re-election, the DCCC considers just two "likely Democratic" in the fall. For the first time in memory, the Republicans are fielding more congressional candidates than the Democrats, and have more incumbents running unopposed. The Democrats thought attacking the "Religious Right" could help lift the clouds from this threatening horizon. They'll have to think again. □

Carter Redux

LAWRENCE KUDLOW

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AT HOME, key Democrats are running away from President Clinton's health-care plan. Abroad, the G-7 has rejected any coordinated dollar defense and Europe is opposed to the Administration's post-GATT trade-opening measures. Even the United Nations, Clinton's most favored multilateralist problem-solving agent, refuses involvement in any prospective Haitian peacekeeping mission. Machiavelli taught that princes should seek to be feared rather than loved. Mr. Clinton's fear quotient seems to be dropping fast.

However, one person who remains in the President's corner is Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan. This curious story holds the key to understanding a new dollar collapse that is heralding a nasty bout of stagflation next year. Indeed, with the dollar sinking and interest rates rising, investors deserting financial assets for commodities and real estate, and former President Jimmy Carter back in the international spotlight, all this has a late Seventies feel to it. Perhaps not quite in magnitude, but certainly in direction. Call it Seventies Lite.

Greenspan played a major role in *The Agenda*, Bob Woodward's best-seller about Clinton's economic policy development. The Fed Chairman was described as the "ghostwriter" of Clintonomics, re-

Mr. Kudlow is NR's economics editor.

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casting Clinton's campaign pledges into a large-scale deficit-reduction package expected to bring down long-term interest rates in the bond market. What is more, the Fed economist signed on to the largest tax increase in history, and actively opposed the promise of a middle-class tax cut, arguing that it was inconsistent with deficit reduction. Now, a year after the budget deal, the bond market is in complete disarray, and long-term interest rates have shot up to nearly 7¾ per cent from their lows of 5¾ per cent last autumn.

Many Fed-watchers were perplexed to see Greenspan sitting between Mrs. Clinton and Mrs. Gore during the President's first State of the Union speech, and conservatives were disheartened when the Fed chairman actively promoted the deficit deal in several congressional appearances.

Even more troubling, however, is a little-noticed section in Woodward's book which describes a White House meeting on January 21, 1994, with Clinton, Gore, Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, CEA Chairman Laura Tyson, and Greenspan. The Fed chairman sheepishly described a new set of circumstances, wherein long-term rates and inflation expectations were rising, not falling, despite the budget deal. As the book describes this meeting, there is a strong sense that Greenspan was asking the President for approval of a move to raise short-term rates "to show that we can do something, that we're willing to move."

If the book's account is true—and there's no way of completely substantiating this, though neither Greenspan nor his spokesman have denied anything—then the line preserving Federal Reserve independence from the White House has been crossed. Sections of the book concerning Greenspan were published on the front page of the *Washington Post* on June 6; coincidentally, this was the starting point of the latest slide of the dollar, which has not yet been halted.

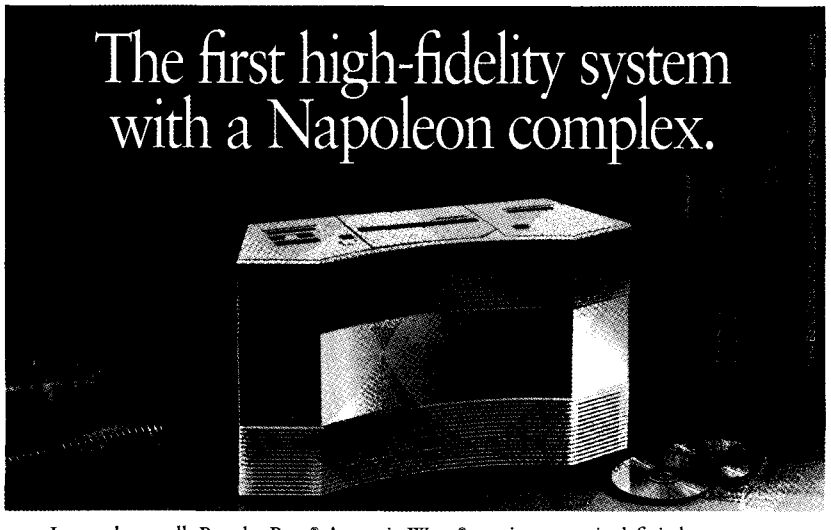
The greenback has now dropped to 97 yen, a fifty-year low, and 1.53 German marks, a 13 per cent decline since the beginning of the year. Gold prices have on balance increased nearly 20 per cent since late winter of 1993, showing that the dollar's decline against the hard-money German and Japanese currencies is corroborated by a similar decline in domestic real asset value at home. It is not just a yen problem, nor is it that foreign monetary policies are too tight. It is U.S. monetary devaluation, a sure sign of rising future inflation.

The G-7 representatives meeting in Naples decided against a worldwide dollar bailout, leaving the Clinton Administration to stew in its own inflationary juices. Who can blame them? The G-7 has already acted twice this year to shore up the dollar, but these efforts failed because the U.S. has not followed through responsibly. Why should other countries buy dollars and inflate their money supplies if the U.S. will not help itself?

It was Greenspan and Co. that pumped new money into the economy last year at a 13 per cent rate. This was the largest increase of Reserve Bank credit since 1987, an unhappy year which included a falling dollar, rising interest rates, and the collapse of the stock market. The current oversupply is sinking the dollar again, since people at home and abroad are making decisions on the margin to rid themselves of the devalued currency. And despite the onset of crisis, Mr. Greenspan's Fed took no action in its July meeting to extinguish reserves, make dollars more scarce, and stem the dollar's fall.

This decision to abandon the dollar is shameless. Not only will it drive U.S. inflation and interest rates much higher, it is a complete abrogation of our international responsibilities. Emerging economies all over the world, including Russia, Eastern Europe, Latin America, and Asia, depend on the dollar as their currency yardstick, as well as a major source of foreign-exchange reserves. A free-falling dollar will set off global economic instability.

Why? Greenspan has really become a team player. He knows the White House is strongly opposed to a policy of monetary restraint. It has always recognized that tax increases would ultimately place a drag on the economy, but figured that easy money from the Fed would offset this effect—never mind the effect on the dollar and price stability. This is exactly the policy mix implemented by President Carter and his Fed appointee, G. William Miller, in the late 1970s, with disastrous economic and financial-market consequences.



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Nonetheless, from the very beginning Treasury Secretary Bentsen has pursued a devaluationist policy, agreeing with trade negotiators Mickey Kantor and Secretary of Commerce Ron Brown that a cheaper dollar would protect U.S. producers at the expense of Japan and Europe. More recently Bentsen has tried to change his tune, suggesting he really does not want a further dollar slide. However, talk is cheap, and markets will not respond favorably without decisive action.

But Greenspan, who undoubtedly knew that dollar depreciation and rising taxes would make an economically lethal combination (too much money chasing fewer goods), allowed himself to be seduced by Clinton early in the game. The Fed Chairman wound up investing a large stake in a set of policies that are fundamentally flawed. Already his promise on low interest rates has been broken. The next disappointment will be the economy, where the seeds of a nasty stagflation have been firmly planted. Along the way the very independence of the Fed has been called into question. It's too bad, because until last year Greenspan had done an excellent job. But from here, there's no easy way out. □

The Eyes of Texas

WILLIAM MURCHISON

Roman Genn

DALLAS

HOW blissful and contented this summer is the nation's second most populous state? Oh, about medium, you might say.

There's good news on the illegal-immigration front. The Federal Government, confounding all reasonable expectations, did something right. A round-the-clock vigil by six hundred Border Patrol agents has cut illegal crossings by 80 per cent along a twenty-mile stretch of the Rio Grande. California Governor Pete Wilson is so impressed he wants to replicate the program down around San Diego.

That's the good news. On the other hand, fanatical, Scripture-belching right-wingers, with polyester suits and staring eyes, seized control of the Texas Republican Party last month. Well, I mean, didn't they? The newspaper and television reports mostly let on that was what happened when the Republicans party held their state convention. And the media wouldn't lie, would they?

"Christian activists capture GOP helm," the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* announced in a voice choked with sobs. At an event two weeks later in far-off Iowa, Senator Arlen Specter (R., Pa.) remained sufficiently outraged that he denounced the Texas terrorists. Governor Ann Richards has been beckoning to those described in the media as Republican moderates. Y'all come join us Democrats, hear?

Now, I was seated at the same convention press table as everybody else. Not a bit of this furor and tumult did I observe. True, there was the occasional rhetorical dust-up, but very little else, and nothing that was worse.

Wait. I know. What happened wasn't what the media expected to happen; thus it became a non-event.

What did happen was that ordinary people—perhaps half attending their first such gathering—stepped forward to say, Enough: we're tired of rising taxes, tired of crime in the streets and condoms in the classroom, tired of moral pluralism, and, not least, tired of waiting for the leadership to do something about it. For state party chairman, the delegates turned down both Senator Phil Gramm's congressman, Joe Barton, and a pro-choice woman, Dolly McKenna, and instead elected the man who ran Ronald Reagan's ACTION program, Tom Pauken.

The Right is ready to rumble. Not the "Religious Right"; rather, the populist Right. Pauken isn't even one of those polyester Bible wallopers; he's a traditionalist Catholic. He quotes Richard Weaver more often than he does Pat Robertson. He says things like, "If we lose the social conservatives, we're a minority party. If we lose the economic conservatives, we're a minority party."

It's hardly a minority viewpoint in these parts. "There's a tremendous unity among people who don't agree on the social issues," says Tex Lezar, a former Reagan Justice Department official who resigned a state think-tank presidency to run for lieutenant governor. The moderately pro-choice Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison received a friendly reception when she addressed the convention. While the Senator spoke, not a jeer or boo penetrated to the press table. Honest.

Which isn't to confuse the Texas Republican Party of 1994 with one of those Edward Hicks "Peaceable Kingdom" canvases wherein varmints of all sorts commingle happily. Still, the alliance of social and economic conservatives shows every sign of enduring.

That's thanks in large measure to Ann Richards herself. What, our cute and funny governor? How in the world, outsiders sometimes ask, can Texas fail to cuddle such a sweet old flask of venom? I commonly reply: Four years of practice; that's all it takes. If that.

Bitterly partisan, feminist to her fingertips, explosive at the microphone but inclined to cede legislative leadership to the party's old bulls, the governor gathers in ill will wherever she goes. After four years in office, she should be leading her Republican opponent, George W. Bush, by 15 points; one recent poll shows the race essentially even.

Under Mrs. Richards, the second most populous state has the second fastest-growing state government in the West. A Cato Institute study, calling her possibly "the most overrated governor in America," gave her a grade of D on economic policy. There's no Richards plan to control spending—indeed, hardly any acknowledgment that spending (which has risen 41 per cent on her watch) is a problem. Texas is under

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state judicial mandate to reform its system of education funding; the last time the legislature took a crack at it, Mrs. Richards didn't even have her own plan. The teachers' unions won't let her propose anything like choice or vouchers. Moreover, Christians in this Bible Belt state aren't happy with her "Religious Right" bashing.

Bill Clinton isn't just a whole bunch of help either. The President's popularity in Texas, a state he lost to George Bush, has been low throughout his tenure. At the Democratic state convention, land commissioner Gary Mauro, who ran the Clinton campaign in Texas two years ago, proudly announced that Mrs. Clinton would be at his big rally in Houston. "Aren't we all going to Houston to welcome her?" Mauro asked encouragingly. You could have heard a health-care plan drop.

What's the outlook for November? Millionaire "New Democrat" Richard Fisher seems no great threat to Senator Hutchison's hopes of re-election. The senator now and again irritates less accommodating conservatives—as when she voted against renewal of the Daughters of the Confederacy's congressional patent—but not to the point where they see Fisher as a plausible alternative. She should swamp him.

George W. Bush has—at least in my own judgment—an even chance of beating Ann Richards. By the way, he's running as—in my own judgment—a convinced conservative. He mainly needs a more dynamic presentation against a campaigner who could have given demagoguery lessons to Huey Long.

Lower down on the ticket, Republican hopes glow only a little less brightly. At least two races look like possible upsets—Lezar's against pragmatic old pol Bob Bullock for the lieutenant governorship, and that of Don Wittig, a Houston judge, against a feckless attorney general, Dan Morales.

Assuming that Tom Pauken keeps the social and economic conservatives hitched, and that Clinton's political halitosis doesn't improve, other upsets seem possible. Austin banker David Hartman, as brainy a conservative businessman as you'd ever want to run across, might well upset the parvenu state treasurer, Martha Whitehead.

"Medium" happy—is that how I described us? Before the year is over, we might get positively jubilant. Pass the branch water, somebody. □

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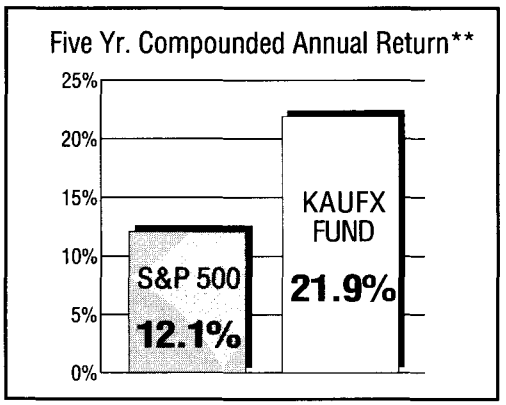

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RANDOM WALK

■ How far will the dollar ultimately fall against the Japanese yen? A chart published in the 60th anniversary directory of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce and Industry of New York tells a chilling story. For roughly 25 years during the age of Bretton Woods, the dollar was fixed at 360 yen. Since 1971, the dollar fell to 227 by 1980, a 37 per cent loss of value, then dropped to about 140 by 1990, another 38 per cent loss, and it now sits around 97, for another 30 per cent drop.

In fact, there was only one brief period when the dollar appreciated versus the yen. That was during the first term of the Reagan Administration, when hard-money Treasury Secretary Donald T. Regan pushed the dollar up from 180 to 270 in order to crush domestic inflation and signal a new global era of U.S. strength. This strong-dollar policy helped reduce interest rates and—together with Reagan's supply-side tax cuts—set the stage for the longest peacetime economic expansion in history. Unfortunately, the next three Treasury men—Republicans James Baker and Nick Brady, and Democrat Lloyd Bentsen—depreciated the dollar.

But wait, there's more to the Japanese Chamber's chart story. Way back in the 1930s, before World War II, one dollar purchased only 3.5 yen. That's right, 3½ yen to the greenback! That means, between 97 and 3½, there's one nasty air pocket on that chart. Please, Mr. Greenspan, say it will not happen. Otherwise I'll have to double my sessions with my shrink.

■ NAFTA just celebrated its six-month birthday. That giant sucking sound you're hearing now is Ross Perot gasping at the latest trade figures. The U.S. Treasury Department just reported that in the first quarter of 1994 U.S. exports to Mexico surged by an impressive 16 per cent over 1993 to $12 billion. Meanwhile, America's imports from Mexico were up 22 per cent. These are numbers that would make Adam Smith blush.

Thomas Friedman of the *New York Times* reports that the trade boom is helping the U.S. create more high-wage jobs here even as some low-skilled work, such as in textiles, migrates south of the border. U.S. exports to Mexico are booming in machinery, construction equipment, computer software, and high-tech electronics. Perhaps most impressive of all has been the impact of NAFTA on the Big Three in Detroit. Ford says it will create up to 1,000 new jobs in the U.S. in response to NAFTA. Ditto for Chrysler. And remember: this was a trade deal that Big Labor violently opposed.

Meanwhile, NAFTA is boosting the Mexican economy more rapidly than any multi-billion-dollar foreign-aid program in American history. Since the trade pact's passage the Mexican stock market is up 11 per cent—and this is over a time period when most nations' stock markets, including our own, have gone ker-plunk. Gregory Fossedal, specialist in emerging markets for Lehrman, Bell, Mueller, Cannon, predicts a substantial improvement in Mexican growth over the next few years.

So, it appears that another part of the Reagan legacy—in this case a Western Hemisphere free-trade zone first enunciated at the 1980 Republican Convention—is creating prosperity in the U.S. and abroad. To borrow a phrase from the Gipper, now on to "The Yukon and Tierra del Fuego."

"Looks like an amicable takeover."

■ My friends at the White House are hopelessly flustered by the plunge in the dollar in recent weeks. "Just when things were going so well," they moan. They shouldn't be surprised. This is exactly what happened with the dollar the last time Jimmy Carter was running America's foreign policy and negotiating with Communists.

Monetary expert David Fand of George Mason University recently phoned me with a fascinating revelation regarding the currency crisis. "Did you know," he queried, "that U.S. defense spending and the dollar are positively correlated?" At first stroke, the relationship seems entirely counter-intuitive. But Fand is right. After the late 1960s and the Vietnam war, defense spending tumbled and so did the dollar. In the Reagan years the Pentagon regained its muscle, and we had a coherent anti-Communist foreign policy. Not coincidentally, throughout the Eighties the dollar was widely regarded as the worldwide monetary safe haven—"as good as gold." Now we have Clinton slashing the military budget by about one-third below its Reagan peak and financial markets are vomiting dollars.

Why? "U.S. defense spending is a proxy for worldwide respect for America's geo-political power," says Dr. Fand. He even argues that the cost of the increased defense build-up in the Reagan years was largely offset by the benefits to the U.S. currency of a strengthened military. Conversely, presidential foreign-policy bungling and a hollowed-out Pentagon are detrimental to U.S. financial markets. The dollar dropped after the Soviets invaded Afghanistan and Carter responded by pulling the U.S. out of the Olympics; it fell further after the botched rescue mission in Iran. The dollar rose after Reagan unveiled his SDI proposal; after his famous "evil empire" speech; and after the Grenada invasion.

This isn't to argue that we need a war or an invasion of Haiti to boost confidence in our currency. Or that monetary policy doesn't matter. But it does suggest that one step toward defending the dollar is to start defending the country.

—GEKKO

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Papal Catholics: Don't Mourn!

After Vatican II the number of converts to Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now that the papacy has regained its bearings and confidence, the Church has attracted a new wave of converts, including highly literate people like Malcolm Muggeridge, Richard John Neuhaus, and Lewis Lehrman.

What infuriates the neo-Modernists in the Church is that the new converts are being drawn by the Magisterium, the papacy, the Catholicism of the ages — all those things the dissenters want to dilute or dismember.

If you're distressed, consider: The dissenters are even more distressed! They know that orthodox Catholicism is back with new life and vigor, that the tide is turning. But do you know?

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine which takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England, and its inspiration from John Henry Newman. Among the converts who've written for the REVIEW are Walker Percy, Sheldon Vanauken, L. Brent Bozell, Avery Dulles, Ronda Chervin, Peter Kreeft, Thomas Howard, Paul Vitz, Russell Kirk.

According to Boston's Cardinal Law, "What is fascinating about the *New Oxford Review* is that it is a sign of contradiction": At a time when decadent Western culture has invaded the Church, and well-publicized quisling Catholics are openly defiant of Church teaching, here is a countertendency celebrating the fullness of the Truth. Yes, as *Newsweek* says, we're "cheeky." What's more, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

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Asia v. the West

THE NEXT COLD WAR?

Under the shadow of North Korea, our clashes with Singapore and China point up the thesis that traditional nation-state rivalries are giving way to an East–West clash. Can we adapt in time?

OWEN HARRIES

'SAM Huntington's ghost lurked in every shadowy corner." Thus the American ambassador to Indonesia reported on the Asia-Pacific regional conference in Jakarta in August 1993. He was referring to the initial impact of Professor Huntington's thesis that we are entering an era that will be dominated by the "clash of civilizations"—conflicts caused by and reflecting cultural differences. Ten months later, I return from another such conference in Kuala Lumpur to report that the impact has not diminished. As we talked, difficult dealings with North Korea over nuclear weapons served as a grim warning of the potential costs of cultural incomprehension and antagonism.

It is the spectacular rise of Asia—first Japan, then a cluster of small Confucian "tigers," now China itself, and tomorrow probably India—that gives Huntington's thesis most of its plausibility and relevance. For the first time in several centuries, the primacy of Western civilization is under serious challenge.

Several recent episodes in Western–Asian relations have given dramatic evidence of how cultural differences can lead to conflict. Although most Asian countries welcome an American strategic presence in the region and although a vast and mutually beneficial economic relationship now exists, questions of "values" and behavior have soured relationships significantly. In the MFN dispute with China, different views of human rights and their relationship to public order and economic progress precipitated a serious controversy. In the case of the Singapore caning, different views as to how heinous certain forms of misbehavior are, and how acceptable or repugnant certain kinds of punishment, led to bitter exchanges.

These disputes have occurred because the government of the United States, and sections of its media and public, have taken strong exception to certain aspects of the behavior of an Asian government and demanded change. In doing so, they have behaved as the West has regularly behaved toward non-Western governments for the last two or three centuries—i.e., they have laid down the law from a presumed position of superior enlightenment, making their demands not in terms of merely Western values but of universal ones; or, more accurately, acknowledging no differences between the two: Western values *are* universal.

Bearing in mind the civilizational solidarity postulated by Huntington, it is worth noting that the initiator in these instances has not in fact been "the West" but the United States. To the best of my knowledge, the European countries have mostly kept their distance. (Indeed, in Britain the main interest in caning recently has taken the form of largely sentimental recollections in the correspondence columns of *The Times* concerning the prowess of an ex-headmaster of Eton.)

On the other side, however, there has been an impressive closing of ranks. Instead of submitting to Western pressure, or resisting passively and silently, or merely blustering—all common responses in the past—Asian spokesmen have taken the offensive and launched a sustained intellectual campaign.

If Huntington is right, these episodes are worth looking at closely, both as a foretaste of what is to come and as lessons in how best to respond when it does come.

What Policy? What Doctrine?

WHAT CAN be said about American behavior in these episodes? Well, let's begin with some things that should not be said.

First, it is not true that the American action in these cases represents a new American "doctrine." I say this because the American ambassador quoted the Malaysian deputy prime minister, Anwar Ibrahim, as telling a regional conference that the Huntington "doctrine" (his

Mr. Harries is editor of The National Interest.

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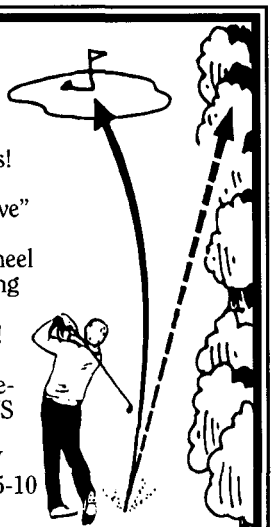

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term) represented the predominant view of Western intellectuals and the central core of U.S. policy—and getting a spontaneous round of applause for doing so. The minister was wrong in every particular.

—Huntington does not proclaim a policy "doctrine" but offers a hypothesis as to what is likely to happen.

—That hypothesis does not represent the predominant view of Western intellectuals, who are currently deeply divided both about the state of the world and about the proper direction of American foreign policy. It would be difficult to name a handful of prominent politicians, academics, or intellectuals who would accept Huntington's thesis without major reservations.

—Again, the most common criticism in America today of the Clinton Administration's foreign policy is that it has no central core, that it is fundamentally incoherent, vacillating, and unserious—in the sense of not relating ends to means, and of not relating purpose to posture. To identify anything—let alone something as sophisticated as Huntington's thesis—as its central core would be to flatter it outrageously.

Second, I believe that it is a mistake to interpret American behavior as representing a patronizing and contemptuous sense of superiority toward China, or toward Confucian countries in general. Western attitudes have historically been, and are, much more complicated than that, inclined as often as not to see Confucian societies as paragons rather than inferiors.

It was the Indian historian K. M. Panniker, not a Westerner, who commented sardonically on the tendency of eighteenth-century intellectuals—starting with Voltaire—to become infatuated with China: "China became the example of enlightened government. As it was distant and but imperfectly known, the realities of China's despotism did not interfere with the theory of paternal government." For some it still does not, though distances have shrunk and more is known. Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon, to take two prominent examples, showed a tremendous admiration for Chinese diplomatic skill and insight, even though China's foreign policy had zigged and zagged since the Communists took over, on occasion leaving it completely isolated. In recent years, admiration may have shifted largely from the political to the economic performance of Confucian countries, but it is still there.

Third, I think it is an error to interpret American policy toward Asia as essentially driven by economic fear, as the Malaysian prime minister, Dr. Mahathir, did in the interesting speech he delivered in Peking this May. "This proselytizing for democracy," he declared, "veiled only slightly the objective of eliminating competition before it begins." He continued: "They would like the East Asian democracies to be weak and unstable like theirs, or worse. Maybe there is no grand conspiracy by the West to undermine all the East Asian economies. But conspiracy is not necessary. It is sufficient for everyone to see the danger threatening them for them to act in concert."

Again, this is demonstrably wrong. Western countries do not act in concert; they disagree and compete. If one country takes a tough attitude toward Asian governments, others are likely to try to cash in by being accommodating and uncritical. Even where there are no prospects of cashing in, France often stays out of step on principle.

In the United States itself, it is certainly true that there are some economic interests, usually those representing old and inefficient industries, which would like government action that would have the effect of curbing Asian competition. But there are more economic interests which are flatly opposed to any action that would in any way threaten the huge and growing economic relationship between the United States and China. Claiming that withdrawing MFN status would abolish 170,000 American jobs and in effect impose a $10-billion tax on American consumers, the latter comfortably prevailed in the recent dispute.

To sustain his thesis, Dr. Mahathir has to conclude that "They [the U.S.] made a mistake with Japan. They are not going to make any more mistakes." But, put in these terms, the United States has already made a bunch of further "mistakes" by becoming either the largest or the second largest trading partner of nearly all the countries in the region.

Fourth and last, it is a serious error to characterize the American position on these issues as either cynical or frivolous. If it could properly be so characterized it would not be half as worrisome as it is. A concern for promoting democracy and liberty and what we have come to call "human rights" is bred in the American bone. From Thomas Jefferson's proclamation of the newly formed country as the "Empire of Liberty" onward, it has been an article of faith that the country exists, not only to promote the freedom of its own citizens, but to serve the cause of freedom throughout the world. Disagreement has centered mostly on how best to do that—whether by example alone, or by active crusading. There is nothing unusual or particularly anti-Asian or anti-Confucian about American behavior in these instances, therefore, and one does not have to look for special circumstances to explain it; for better or worse, America is just being itself.

The Three Cs

IF THE United States is not guilty of these particular charges, what, if anything, is wrong with American policy in these instances? In my opinion, plenty. Nearly all of it can be presented in terms of 3 Cs: Consequences, Circumstances, and Capacity.

Politics is about *consequences*, not about purity of intention, self-therapy, or feeling good. In a celebrated essay, Max Weber distinguished between "the ethic of ultimate ends" and "the ethic of responsibility." The former represents the absolutist religious view that one must always do what is right regardless of consequences; the latter holds that there is an obligation to take into account foreseeable consequences in deciding on one's actions. An individual is free to follow the first ethic—to, for example, treat human rights as absolute, to be respected whatever the consequences and cost. But once it enters the realm of politics, the promotion of human rights has to take its place in a hierarchy of interests and values, including

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such basic concerns as the promotion of security, peace, order, and prosperity. The place of human rights—or for that matter any other single interest—in that hierarchy will vary from occasion to occasion, and no responsible government will ever be able to put them always at the top. Political wisdom—statesmanship—involves not mechanical consistency and uniformity in applying principle, but discrimination and judgment.

This way of thinking is uncongenial to Americans. They are inclined to approach politics in terms of an ethic of absolute ends, one that scorns discrimination and compromise and demands consistent rectitude. But insofar as a country's rhetoric and posture are absolute and moralistic, it inevitably leaves itself open to the charge of hypocrisy and double standard. Because in the end a country has to discriminate and calculate. (What weight to give to the China trade? What to trying to reach agreement on the sale of weapons and military technology? What to promoting Chinese cooperation in dealing with North Korea?) Thus, because of an absolutist rhetoric, the difference between the American approach to human rights in China and in, say, Saudi Arabia (or even Libya, which enjoys MFN status) has provided Asian critics with an easy target. So has the difference between the American attitude toward China and human rights today and the tolerance of much worse practices twenty years ago, when China was valued as a "card" in the struggle with the Soviet Union.

A second set of weaknesses in the American position can be summed up by the word *circumstances*. Just as no proper concern with consequences is shown, so also are differences in circumstances played down or ignored. In the case of China, there are the obvious facts that it contains about five times as many people as the United States; that in the last sixty years it has experienced invasion, civil war, mass famine, political purges, and chaotic upheaval; that it has no tradition whatsoever of liberal democracy. In the case of Singapore, there are the equally obvious facts that it is only three decades old; that it inherited many authoritarian practices (including caning) from its colonial experience; that it is very small and works on slim margins of safety (in the same way as, for example, Israel does in some respects).

There is no taking into account that all Asian countries started on the road to modernization much later than Western countries, and that in the comparable, earlier stages of their own development many Western countries showed a much less than perfect respect for human rights. Well into the nineteenth century, for example, the British hanged (rather than caned) people for stealing or destroying property. Sweated labor was a common feature of the American scene until quite recently. And it was not until very late in the piece that the United States extended human rights in any serious sense to blacks and Native Americans.

Let it be clear that the point is not whether there are or are not universal standards, but how those standards ought to be applied in different circumstances. Americans—and perhaps Western liberals in general—tend to work on the maxim that "one size fits all." Conservatives, on the other hand, tend to agree with Edmund Burke that "government [is] a practical thing made for the happiness of mankind, and not to furnish out a spectacle of uniformity to gratify the schemes of visionary politicians."

A third respect in which American policy can be properly criticized is summed up by the word *capacity*. Except in very special circumstances, usually involving conquest and occupation—as in Germany and Japan after 1945—no country has the capacity to impose democracy on another. Democracy is essentially a do-it-yourself enterprise, not an export commodity or a gift to bestow. Before intervening in the affairs of another country in the name of human rights and democracy, therefore, a government should consider carefully its capacity to achieve intended consequences, rather than to create unintended ones. For unless one believes in inevitable and irreversible progress, it is always possible to make things worse as well as better. The United States, let it be remembered, intervened in the most forceful way in the internal affairs of Haiti for 19 years, and left it in utter and disgraceful shambles.

America's understanding of other societies and cultures is not profound; its experience of dealing with them is not extensive. Except when it is engaged in what it perceives as a life-or-death struggle like the Cold War, its attention span tends to be short. And once engaged in an enterprise it is impatient for results and eager to move on to something else.

These are not characteristics that equip one for intervening deeply in the internal affairs of other countries. One remembers the decisive American intervention in the Philippines a few years ago and the intense excitement and optimism in the United States about Mrs. Aquino and "People Power." Hardly anyone in America now gives the Philippines a passing thought—it is yesterday's issue. Meanwhile nothing very much has changed for the better in its political life; it is still the same old game. American "can do" optimism is not very well suited for dealing with the intractable, dense material that makes up alien cultures. It is very difficult to carry things through to a successful conclusion. It is very easy to create, and to leave, an unstable mess which others have to live with.

Confucian Confusion

THAT'S ONE side of the coin. Now let's look at the other—at how Asian countries have comported themselves in these recent disputes.

If Americans have proceeded by appealing to, and making their claims in terms of, universal values, Asians have responded by evoking particular civilizational values and circumstances, according to Huntington's script.

In considering their response, we quickly come up against a serious problem with the concept of "civilization." Any notion of a civilization is such an abstraction, such a simplification of an infinitely complex reality, that it must to some extent be arbitrary. Depending on one's standpoint and interest, it is possible to reach quite different, though equally plausible, conclusions regarding the defining characteristics of a civilization.

This applies to all civilizations. Which best captures the

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essence of the West: its humanism or its exceptional predilection for warfare? A case can be made either way. As for Confucian society, it is only a few decades ago that it was aggressively argued—not least on the Left—that the ethos of Confucianism was uncongenial to the requirements of capitalism, and it was therefore wrong to try to "foist" a market economy on this region. Well, so much for that argument.

The View from South of the DMZ

SEOUL—The spectacle of mass weeping, ground-pounding, and hair-pulling before statues of Kim Il Sung in Pyongyang revealed a level of adoration for the "Great Leader" beyond the comprehension of most South Koreans, let alone of the foreigners who witnessed the film replayed on South Korean television. "North Korea's propaganda of weeping people on film is hysterical," said one of the South Korean commentators as his own station offered seemingly endless footage of scenes from the life of Kim Il Sung in the days after a rasping, weepy voice broadcast the news of his death over Pyongyang Radio. "We cannot expect such a thing in a normal society."

The key question was how long Kim Il Sung's eldest son, "Dear Leader" Kim Jong Il, would be allowed to bask in the afterglow. The bespectacled, portly Kim Jong Il, heightened by platform heels, beautified by artificially curled hair, does not make a strong impression.

In fact, he projects the image of a spoiled brat—the type who might stage an angry temper tantrum one day and fawn on bended knee the next. Above all, as he tries to cling to the throne his father bequeathed him, he may retreat to a cocoon, hiding from all the forces at home and abroad that he fears are out to get him. Although the hagiography has Kim Jong Il becoming "an expert in economics" in East Germany, he has not journeyed abroad except to Peking and Moscow since returning home in 1964 to take up full-fledged membership in the Korean Workers Party Central Committee. Since then, according to diplomats in Pyongyang, he has picked up most of his hands-on knowledge of the outside world from blonde East European call girls, Japanese pornographic films, fast foreign sports cars, and French cognac.

The mythic aura surrounding father and son, however, was not totally foreign to South Koreans, raised on Confucianism's reverence for family and obedience to authority. South Koreans often point out the inability of the Western world to understand Koreans, either North or South. Kil Jeong Woo, director of policy studies at the Research Institute for National Unification in Seoul, dismissed suggestions that North Koreans might soon tire of Kim Jong Il's brattish appearance, xenophobic shyness, and dubious private life. "That's a Western view," he said curtly. "Koreans don't know anything about those things."

The West, however, might have good reason for wondering if Kim Jong Il is an unstable psychopath. It is widely believed that it was he who, in 1983, ordered North Korean agents to set off the bomb in Rangoon that killed 21 people in an effort to assassinate South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan. The incident was assumed to have been an effort on Kim Jong Il's part to prove his revolutionary mettle to skeptics in the armed forces and Party bureaucracy after his father proclaimed him a "legitimate successor" to power. Four years later terrorists planted a bomb that blew up a Korean Airlines jet with 115 people aboard. Again, Dear Leader was thought to be responsible.

South Koreans, however, seemed eager to gloss over the past in their search for stability and tranquility. "I think we are headed in a very positive direction," said Kil, advising his government to press on toward the North–South summit originally set to begin July 25 in Pyongyang. "We should send some positive message."

To many the most disheartening aspect of Kim Il Sung's death was the derailing of the summit. As the news sank in, South Koreans hoped more than anything for perpetuation of the status quo—a state of armed non-war. No one wanted to test how Kim Jong Il would respond if the West again pursued economic sanctions to force the North to expose its nuclear-weapons program before prying international inspectors. "A rat when it is chased by a cat into a corner can fight the cat," said Chang Sung Un, a young computer clerk. "When people are in deep trouble they can do something unimaginable."

"I felt numb," said shopowner Chung Kim Chang after hearing the news over the TV behind him. As North Korea slowly stabilizes, Chung predicted, "leaders will rise up with some common sense who will want peace and trade with the South." But until then, he said, "anything could happen"—including a civil war in the North that could drag the South into war as well.

Such fears were tempered, however, by a certain fatalism—an Asian acceptance of inevitability. "My mother often said, 'If war breaks out, so what, we will all die,'" said Chun Sung Hee, a sales executive for a Western company. "But until then we will do our best." There was also the feeling that South Koreans have a better sense than Americans of what is going on in the North. "One reason we are less worried could be that we are familiar with the situation," said Miss Chun. "We know North Korea a little bit more than other people because, even though they invaded us, we are the same people, the same blood, we speak the same language."

Now that Kim Il Sung is gone, some South Koreans said they would miss the man who abided by a heavily armed peace for more than forty years after failing to achieve his dream of reunification by force of arms. "One great star has fallen," said Kim Sun Moon, a young executive at the local branch of Citibank. "Like it or not, good or bad, he was a great personality with great leadership. Otherwise he could not have maintained his regime for such a long time."

Fears for the future did not discourage crowds from pouring into the streets of the young-fashion Myongdong district at the heart of the city, lining up for hamburgers at Wendy's and McDonald's, and sipping beer at local pubs while news and analysis on Kim Il Sung droned on from nearby television sets. Pictures of the Great Leader beamed from the front pages on Sunday's newspapers beneath huge black-bordered headlines. Tensions relaxed almost visibly as Kim Jong Il appeared to consolidate his power. The news was equally welcome that North Korea still wanted to negotiate with the United States over the nuclear issue after the funeral. "It doesn't matter if they agree on anything," said Chang Sung Un. "At least they are talking."

—DONALD KIRK

Mr. Kirk is a veteran foreign correspondent.

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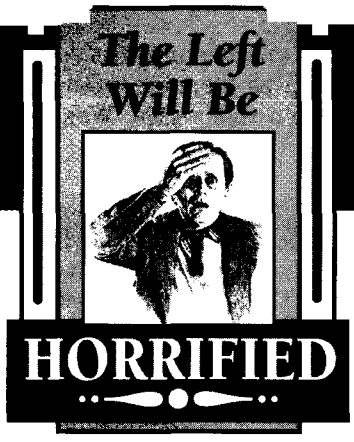

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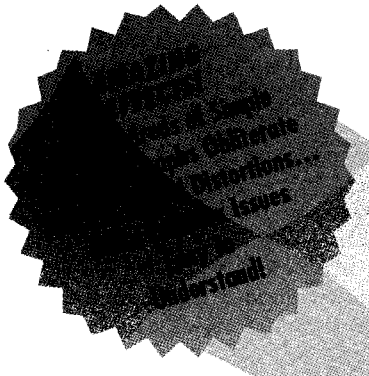

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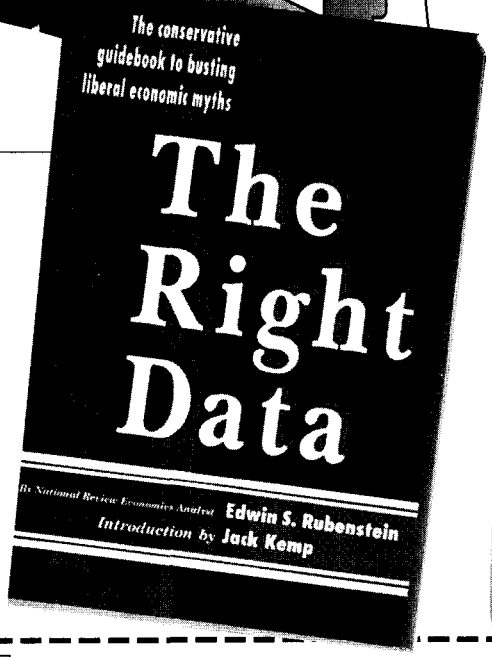

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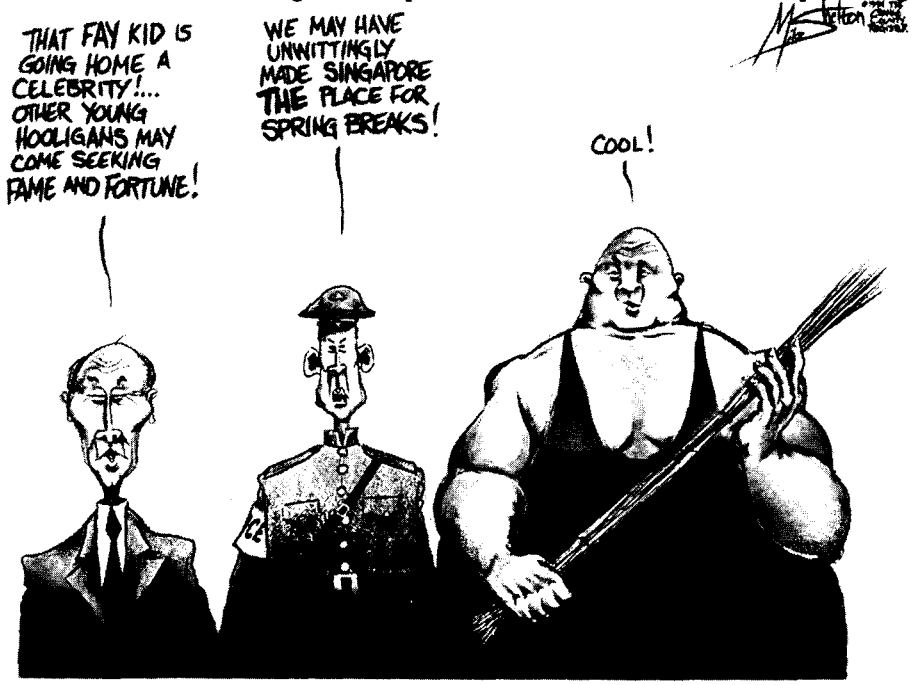
Again, in the 1950s, John Fairbank—perhaps the most august American specialist on China—was writing of "the deeply ingrained attitude toward foreign relations as a problem in the balancing of foreign powers against each other to China's advantage." And in the 1960s another much respected specialist, C. P. Fitzgerald, was maintaining that one of the central characteristics of China's view of the world was contained in the axiom that it was "unwise and dangerous to quarrel at the same time with the power that dominates the northern borderlands and the power which rules the Pacific Ocean."

Yet within a year or two the Chinese had behaved in a way that violated both these principles, ignoring the problem of balance, thoroughly alienating both the superpower to their north and the superpower to their east, and leaving themselves isolated. The alleged traditions and cultural predispositions, testified to by experts, did not apply.

In recent disputes, great stress has been laid on the importance that Confucian civilization places on order as opposed to freedom. But the question arises: What sort of commitment to order does a civilization have if it inflicts upon itself the terrible convulsions of a Great Leap Forward and a Cultural Revolution within a decade? These are estimated to have killed over twenty million Chinese. They deliberately sought to destroy continuity and bring about instability. So how plausible is the claim that this civilization puts a high premium on order and cannot therefore extend human rights at a pace that will endanger it? (Attempting to answer this question by saying that the chaos of the 1960s was brought about by Communism, not Confucianism, only pushes the problem back a step: How come an order-loving Confucian civilization gave rise to a revolutionary regime dedicated to making and remaking society at will?)



Again, while it is quite right to regard order as an essential condition for political and economic progress, it is also true that the argument from order is easily and often abused. If patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel, order is often the first refuge of an authoritarian. Those who impose order are also its main beneficiaries, and "*Cui bono*?" is an old and sensible question in politics.

It is legitimate to ask those who rest their case on order: When, and under what conditions, do you envision relaxation and an extension of liberty coming about? As well as the danger of proceeding too quickly, is there not a danger of proceeding too slowly and creating dangerous pent-up forces? Is not the problem of tempo as difficult for those who advocate caution as for those who advocate boldness? And if Taiwan and South Korea—both troubled pariah states in the recent past and both Confucian—can make impressive strides toward real democracy without disaster, why is it not possible for China to make at least modest moves in that direction, and for Singapore to make much bolder ones?

The East Strikes Back

BESIDES DEFENDING their own behavior, the Asians have also launched a vigorous counterattack against the United States. This counterattack contains two elements, the socio-cultural and the geopolitical.

On the socio-cultural front, the argument may be summed up in the short Biblical admonition: "Physician, heal thyself." American society is so sick, it is said, that far from preaching to others Americans should be attending to their own ills. Crime, the breakdown of the family, the poor work ethic, the low rate of saving, the indulgence of the individual in the form of excessive solicitude for rights—all this, as Kishore Mahbubani puts it, represents "massive social decay. . . . But instead of traveling overseas with humility, Americans confidently preach the virtues of unfettered individual freedom, blithely ignoring the visible social consequences."

Of this line of argument, I would say the following: First, and just as was the case with left-wing critics of the U.S. in earlier days, everything that the Asian critics know about American civilization they know because Americans told them. America washes its dirty linen in public; authoritarian governments do not. Who, except the people who live in them and who are not free to speak, knows what are the faults and weaknesses of tightly controlled authoritarian states? Who has the crime statistics for China? Who would believe any offered by the government in Peking?

Second, serious as the United States' problems are, statistics give a misleading picture of the overall condition of the society. The pathologies they describe are largely concentrated in the inner cities and in the black minority. For example, the murder rate among American whites is

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NATIONAL REVIEW West

Published in Conjunction With
The Claremont Institute

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SPIRIT OF REBELLION

DOUGLAS A. JEFFREY

IN THE June issue of *Commentary*, Peter Berger suggests that the scene of smokers huddling outside office buildings has replaced that of cowboys on the range as revealing the "inner essence" of our society. To be blunt, he makes a compelling case that Americans, who once killed a lot of British soldiers over taxes, are becoming sheeplike.

In two respects Berger may be behind the curve. For one, the sheep are now being led to slaughter. For another, there are signs, at least in the West, that they're starting to fight back.

Consider the story of Kern County, California, farmer Taung Ming-Lin, whose $50,000 tractor was confiscated in February as a murder weapon in the death of an endangered rat. (To be fair, the 20-plus federal agents who raided Lin's farm found "five suspected Tipton kangaroo rat carcasses and/or parts thereof.") The 51-year-old Lin, who faces a considerable fine and even jail time, has since suffered a stroke.

On a Saturday in May, a lot of his neighbors gathered in Bakersfield, many driving tractors, others arriving in crop dusters, at a protest rally. "It just isn't American," said one farmer, cutting to the main point.

(Continues on page West-6)

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WEST WORLD

■ There's a report the O.J. Simpson trial can't begin until the Los Angeles Courthouse is increased in size. What's contemplated is a new wing big enough to contain the egos of both F. Lee Bailey and Alan Dershowitz at the same time.

■ A policeman's lot, southern California style: There's a lot of finger pointing between the Azusa Police Department and the California State Department of Fish-and-Game over responsibility for the shooting death of a 356-pound bear who wandered into the city from the nearby Angeles National Forest. Fish-and-Game-prepared tranquilizer darts failed to immobilize the bear, and police blasted him when he broke a perimeter established to protect spectators and residents. Animal-rights groups have been predictably up in arms, but so far no law enforcement personnel have been suspended, fired, or jailed. Lucky for them the bear wasn't driving a car.

■ Radical chic in the '90s: Joe Farah of *Inside California* has taken the Norman Lear-founded Environmental Media Awards to task for inviting Mikhail Gorbachev to address its fall fête. As Farah points out, the guest of honor at this star-studded gathering of eco-conscious Clintongorites is not only the "scourge of Afghanistan" but the "bane of Chernobyl" and author of the subsequent coverup of that unparalleled ecological disaster. Presumably the fact that he's an unreconstructed socialist makes up for these peccadilloes in the organizers' eyes. Too bad Gorbachev didn't take that $1-million-plus offer some years back to be a greeter at a Vegas casino. He would have been hanging with a better crowd, and maybe even learned a thing or two about freedom along the way.

■ WASC update: The Western Association of Schools and Colleges (WASC to the cognoscenti), which is responsible for accrediting institutions of higher learning in California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska and Hawaii, had a setback last month in its crusade to impose political correctness. Executive Director Steve Weiner returned from a three-month sabbatical to find on his desk a 21-page legal opinion from attorney William Bentley Ball exposing the constitutional perils of accreditors' meddling with colleges' hiring, admissions, and curriculum. The letter, dated May 7, ends with a withering series of direct questions aimed at forcing WASC to either admit or abandon its nefarious designs. Meanwhile, WASC's plan for expanded regulation of member colleges, which drew the wrath even of Stanford's Gerhard Casper, died a quiet death in WASC's meeting on June 23. Is the diversity jihad finished? Mr. Ball is still waiting for answers to his questions.

■ Many Californians are agog over the massive $58.7 billion deficit-spending budget. But enough about O.J.'s projected legal fees.

■ Would we had a nickel for every eye on Pomona College this fall: Two-and-a-half years after having sex following a campus party, a Pomona College student found himself accused of date rape. He was granted his B.A. in May only because of a Superior Court decision, and may still have it revoked pending the outcome of an on-campus judicial hearing in the fall. The case is unique, as the accusing female student admits that she did not object to having sex at the time, and that she only felt that it had been a rape much later. Even Susan Estrich has gone on record as saying that she believes the case too weak for a criminal suit and thinks denying the male student his diploma would be unfair. Candlelight vigils by feminist students, however, have apparently touched campus officials. Dean of Students Ann Quinley has been quoted as saying, ominously, "It is possible for someone to be found guilty in a college hearing when they would not be in a court of law."

■ New chance to what?: An experimental program called New Chance, which aims to educate unwed

(Continues on page West-6)

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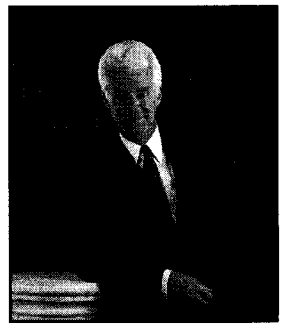
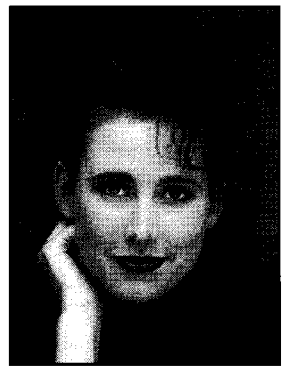
That confident look... through Cosmetic Surgery

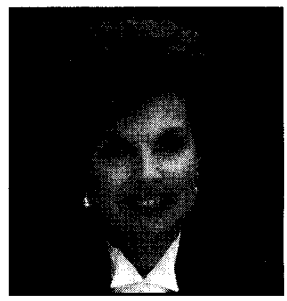


It's what people from all facets of life strive to achieve. Exhibiting high job performance, running a successful business, being active in social / political functions, may be attributable to that confident look, a look easily achieved through today's innovations in cosmetic surgery.

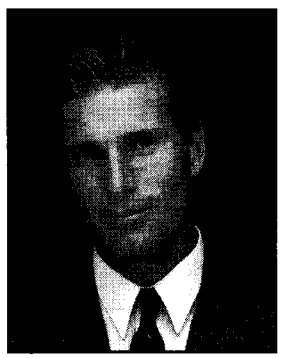
Bolstering confidence through improving one's looks isn't restricted to the wealthy or movie stars any longer. Today's individual takes charge of their life by pursuing the many options offered through cosmetic surgery. Professionally and personally, individuals strive to exhibit confidence. It's that same confidence that successful careers and relationships often rely on.



Once you've made the decision to have cosmetic surgery, whether a facelift, liposuction, eyelid or breast surgery, how do you make an educated choice in selecting a cosmetic surgeon? Look for an ultra specialist such as Dr. William Yvorchuk, a physician who's board certified and specially trained in plastic and reconstructive surgery.



It's time you joined others who are reflecting the look of confidence!



William Yvorchuk, M.D.

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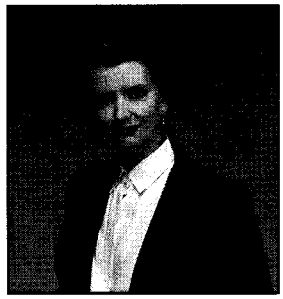

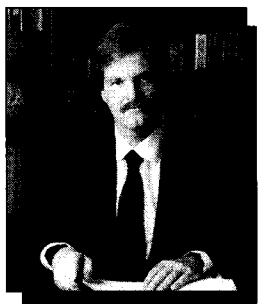

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Do you agree with your phone company's political affiliations?

AT&T addresses gay market

by Kate Fitzgerald

AT&T is trying to make a name for itself with gay consumers.

The No. 1 long-distance telephone company last week initiated its first marketing effort targeting the affluent gay market. In a brochure featuring photos of same-sex couples talking about long-distance communications, AT&T is making a pitch for leadership in brand image among gays, with more effective efforts expected later this year.

The six-panel brochure, mailed to an undisclosed number of consumers who appeared on subscription lists of gay publications, includes a photo of two men accompanied by the caption: "When David's away on business, we like to stay close. I love to know what he's doing and what's on his mind."

Another photo shows a man and his mother, who's quoted as saying: "Even though Paul lives a coast away, I love knowing how his life is going. His father and I always look forward to his calls."

The mailing was created and coordinated by the marketing and communications consulting company Prime Access, New York, and is said to be a one-time project. It supports AT&T's family of "True" consumer long-distance calling projects, including True USA Savings, True Rewards and True Voice.

No additional special incentives or coupons are included.

FCB/Leber Katz Partners, New York, AT&T agency for consumer long-distance advertising didn't participate in the effort, an AT&T spokesman said.

AT&T decided to target gays after research revealed untapped opportunity with the audience, he said explaining, "The particular market segment is a good one to target because it's composed of affluent, highly educated and very brand loyal consumers."

The direct mailing follows AT&T's first-ever ad in The Advocate, in an April issue.

AT&T was also a sponsor at the First National Gay Expo in Secaucus, N.J., and is rumored to be a sponsor of next month's Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival in New York.

"We've received a lot of positive feedback from constituents of the gay market as a result of our Advocate advertising," the AT&T spokesman said, "and we feel all of this is having a positive effect."

No. 2 MCI Communication Corp. and No. 3 Sprint haven't targeted to gays.

Working Assets Long Distance boasts; "Since 1986 we've given over $2 million to groups like the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force, Planned Parenthood and the ACLU."
"Working Assets is the only pro-choice, pro-environment phone company. Make a call for justice!" –Gloria Steinem

Wall Street Journal
"In 1992 alone,... the Bell's telephone operations poured $40 million into lobbying..."
"The Bell's don't just work Washington. With a presence in nearly every major community – and some $95 million to bestow upon causes in 1992 alone, – they have wired the system from top to bottom."

Our *flash* fax broadcast of threatening liberal legislative action, lets you know when liberals are on the move and who to call to stop them.

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Savings

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Find out how to put your business or family telephone to work for you.
Call Communications for America, Inc.

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WEST WORLD

(Continued from page 2)

teenage welfare mothers and place them on the road to self-sufficiency, has reported some eye-opening early results. After 18 months of educating 2300 unwed teenagers, a preponderance of whom reside in the California cities of Chula Vista, San Jose, and Inglewood, more than half of the girls were pregnant again. All book learning aside, they seem to have remembered the classic equation of the Great Society: kids minus husbands and jobs equals more money.

■ Las Vegas is not only the nation's largest gambling market, it has also become the fastest-growing destination travel site. But people who really like to gamble can do so anywhere by taking a walk after dark.

■ Amendment numero uno under attack: "Don't get me wrong, I am not a racist. I love Mexicans. Everyone should have one." These lines, spoken by a student portraying Governor Pete Wilson in a Mexican-heritage production at the Los Angeles County High School for the Arts, were roundly booed and hissed by the audience. Prominent among those voicing disgust for the heavy-handed attempt to portray Wilson as a racist was dance instructor Don Biondi. A Latina school board member, Maria Elena Gaitan, whose son had appeared in the production, accused Biondi of being racist and ordered him to "control your racism." Biondi maintained that the play deserved to be booed because it lacked artistic merit. Besides, he intimated, there was a First Amendment issue involved. Gaitan was not particularly amused by Biondi's attempt to take refuge in the First Amendment, and was instrumental in having him transferred to an administrative post where his virulent racism could be controlled or at least isolated. No doubt in Gaitan's mind, devotion to artistic merit could never be an excuse for criticizing a play performed by members of a protected class now to be protected from all forms of criticism. Biondi was eventually restored to his teaching post based on student protests and threats of legal action. Gaitan remained unavailable for comment. "O brave new world/That has such people in't!"

■ Who gets to wear the boutonnière?: Organizers called it "the first gay and lesbian prom ever sanctioned by a public school district in the country." Teen-agers from thirty Los Angeles high schools and other nearby districts packed the ballroom at the Los Angeles Hilton and Towers Hotel. The event was sponsored by the Los Angeles Unified School District's Board of Education, the Board's "Gay and Lesbian Education Commission," and the "Eagles Center," a special school in the district for gay and lesbian students. At least one "blind date" for the affair was reportedly arranged by a social worker who got two teenage boys together just hours before the party. The *Los Angeles Times* reports with breathless admiration a seventeen-year-old making an "unforgettable prom entrance as 'Tamy,' a saucy and statuesque drag queen in a tight black gown with a bow tie resting on his rear and a six-foot chiffon train sweeping the floor behind him." Many of the participants had been assisted in developing their sexual identity by Project 10, a district-wide gay and lesbian counseling program named for the estimate that 10% of the nation's population is homosexual. Since this estimate has been discredited, the group apparently keeps the name to indicate its institutional ambition to achieve the 10% goal.

■ Joan of Bark: Greens in Claremont, California, were perturbed, to say the least, when city employees chopped down a 102-year-old tree which had been diagnosed with a potentially contagious deadly fungus. The usual flowers and sympathy cards began to appear on its former site. In a clear indication that the spirit of tree worship diverges sharply from that of Christianity, one of the cards read: "We pray for the spirit of our beloved eucalyptus. May you rest in peace. And may those who cut you down be cursed the rest of their lives."

(Continued from page West-1)

If there's a silver lining to Lin's dilemma and similar stories, it's the dawning realization that big government isn't funny anymore. The days of Senator Proxmire's Golden Fleece Awards are past. Bureaucrats aren't just wasting our tax dollars on silly projects, they're using them to rob and even kill us. (Remember Waco!)

What is more, old-fashioned zealotry for freedom is enjoying a revival among a group that might just be able to strike an important blow for it: the Western Governors' Association.

Official fed-upness with Washington is evident in two forms. The milder of these is opposition to "unfunded mandates"—programs and policies required by the federal government, for which states and localities are forced to raise taxes. A recent example is the Brady bill, which places the burden of performing background checks on potential gun buyers on local police and sheriffs' departments.

To give an idea of the enormity of the money at issue, Los Angeles Mayor Richard Riordan reported last year that L.A. alone would spend $576 million and 4.5 million staff hours complying with federal mandates.

Opponents of unfunded mandates have taken to the courts. Already a District Judge in Missoula has found the Brady bill unconstitutional for commandeering county deputies. Likewise, California Governor Wilson is suing for federal tax dollars to pay for federally mandated services to illegal aliens. And Congress is feeling the

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heat. Representative Gary Condit, a California Democrat, is chief sponsor of a bill to force the federal government to pay for its own laws.

The anti-unfunded mandate movement is fine as far as it goes. But an indication of its modest aims and limited potential in libertarian terms is the support of Democrats like Condit, Governors Romer of Colorado and Lowry of Washington, and even Al Gore's National Performance Review. Indeed, opposition to unfunded mandates is perfectly consistent with support for the Leviathan state. The thinking would be: "Let's tax from the center, providing cover for the provincial officials, so they in turn will help control the masses."

This brings us to the second strain of Western rebellion, which is marked by opposition to unconstitutional mandates, regardless of funding. This movement—which stands on the 10th Amendment reservation to the states of powers which are not given to the central government—is represented chiefly by Republicans. Notable among its leaders are Arizona Governor Symington, who has formed a Constitutional Defense Council to challenge the federal government in court, and Utah Governor Leavitt, now the chairman of the Western Governors' Association, who has called for a conference of the states and has even broached, extremely cautiously, the idea of a constitutional convention.

Phoenix is to this movement what Boston was to the American rebellion of eleven score years ago. A Symington aide insists that money is not the main issue: "We don't want relief. We want responsibility." And states' rights are seen in the service of individual rights and limited government. Arizona's House Speaker Mark Nillian has proclaimed: "Let us never forget that property rights are civil rights. The call of our generation is to live for liberty. We cannot give up."

It's no coincidence that opposition to unfunded mandates is bipartisan, while concern for limited government (of which federalism is a pillar) and property rights is much less so. All that the Democratic party has come to represent since the late 1960s hinges on the centralization of administrative power and the right of government to redistribute property.

In fact, the argument that limited-government constitutionalism is inadequate for the modern industrial state has been around since Woodrow Wilson, and has by now become deeply entrenched in all of our political institutions—especially the courts. Turning things around will require political, not legal, maneuverings, and those on a large scale.

In this regard, the boldest of the new Western federalists seem at least to be getting off on the right foot.

For one, they understand constitutionalism morally, and not as a turf battle over who gets to tax the bejesus out of us. Put plainly, they see it as their charge to defend their constituents' rights against all comers. Arizona, for instance, passed a law some two years back requiring state agencies to consider the Constitution, and not just statutory law, before taking property.

Second, they show a willingness to stand and fight and refuse to be blackmailed or bought off. Utah is fixing to accept losses in the millions of dollars in federal highway funds for refusing to kowtow to federal demands for a motorcycle helmet law. Even the relatively polite Wilson Administration in California, in the person of its own EPA Secretary James Strock, has gone nose to nose with a bullying Carol Browner, U.S. EPA chief, over administrative jurisdiction of state smog checks.

Finally, they display a sense of urgency and an implicit willingness to take extraordinary measures. In one of the year's under-reported stories, a bill has passed in both houses of the Colorado legislature, declaring that Colorado is reasserting its constitutional sovereignty and ordering Congress to cease and desist infringing on it.

George Mason University economist and newspaper columnist Walter Williams—like Teddy Roosevelt, an Eastern man with a Western heart—has suggested that states call out the national guard and that private citizens form militias to expel federal agents should Congress ignore such cease and desist orders. He notes in this context Congress's recent and ominous infatuation with gun control.

Perhaps Williams has been imprudent in these syndicated musings. But no true American patriot should ever blanch at reminding our rulers of the right to revolution in our founding charter, recently and justly celebrated: "that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of [the people's rights], it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it. . . organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

Two facts suggest that political power in our country will be decentralized without a resort to arms or, in John Locke's memorable phrase, an "appeal to heaven." For one, the moral capital of the central government, earned with the passage of the 1964 and 1965 Civil Rights Acts, is spent. Sensible citizens no longer think of the Bull Connors of America as the chief threats to liberty, but the Dan Rostenkowskis, rogue agencies like ATF and EPA, and federally imposed racism in the form of affirmative action.

Second, and relatedly, people have simply lost faith that the Washington establishment can do anything right.

The question is, when political power is decentralized, how will it be wielded? To secure the rights of citizens like Taung Ming-Lin, or to continue to stamp them out? In at least some parts of the West, it seems, there is reason to hope for the former. □

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Gibbering in Los Angeles

WHEN CATACLYSMS and upheavals burst upon the human scene there is a tendency to become disoriented. On June 17, such an event erupted in the City of Angels. Acute hysteria seized the southland and the nation. The planets swerved from their consoling orbits. The NBA finals were blacked out. A murder arrest was taking place.

It is a common symptom of hysterical disorientation (observed frequently in small children) that the afflicted begin to chatter aimlessly and with great energy. The textbooks refer to this as babbling or gibbering; "gabbling" is a term occasionally used in popular discourse, though it lacks a certain precision. According to most modern theories, if properly facilitated, gibbering can incrementally relieve the most extreme hysteria while avoiding mental breakdown.

To facilitate gibbering on a large scale is the primary therapeutic purpose of the "media." The most compulsive gabblers are selected as "media people." Television is the leading facilitator of gibbering because of the widely respected principle that a picture justifies a thousand words.

On Friday, June 17, hundreds, finally thousands, of "media people"—people of ethnic, gender, and racial diversity and mental uniformity—began chattering, without script, shame, discretion, restraint, or prospect of conclusion. Sometimes their gibbering was inspired by a picture of the front or back of a house; sometimes by a picture of a car moving slowly for hours on end on the California freeways with no known destination.

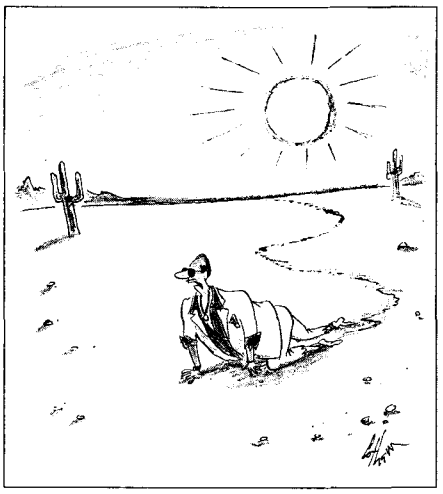
Eventually, these "media people" grew haggard and distressed at bearing the entire burden of the babbling. Their distress was intensified by the apparent randomness of their chatter. This is a well-known hazard of the profession. Anticipating this, experienced media therapists keep a list of phone numbers of "advocacy spokespersons" (spokes).

Spokes are people who can gibber on demand with moral fervor and an apparent point. Called upon when a crisis requires extended public gibbering, they restore media confidence and create the conditions for a "gibbering of meaning."

The critical question for the media therapist is which spokes to call. Even in the wildest cases of gibbering media hysteria, patterns are known to emerge. These patterns typically reflect the deepest neuroses of the media babbler. It is the job of the seasoned therapist to identify them and to select the spokes accordingly.

Brief consultations are held: Should we call the environmentalists, Queer Nation, the nicotine hotline, the animal-rights lobby, the gun-control spokes? No, the connections are too subtle and indirect. A strategic observation is made. Once made, it is obvious to all. The accused murderer is a black man; one of the victims is a female. Q.E.D., or words to that effect: We need the civil rights (C.R.) spokes and the women spokes.

Frantic calls go out. Camera crews are mobilized. Gloria Allred, Patricia Ireland, Cindy Garvey, Pat Schroeder appear as if by magic on television screens across the nation and begin to babble with invigorating thrust and spirit. Andrea Dworkin is prudently steered to the print medium.



"Vegas! Vegas!

Scourges of patriarchy in the dozens and hundreds are trotted before the cameras to denounce the crisis of domestic violence and spousal abuse. An excited murmur scurries among studio make-up artists and hair stylists: "We may have meaning here. We're getting meaning!"

On the C.R. front the therapists can't locate Jesse Jackson. A Nexis search is run for reports of high profile funerals or world crises while calls go out for Andy Young and Ben Chavis. "What's that guy's name, Randall Robinson? Randall Cunningham? You know, the hunger-striker!" Self-described "Civil Rights Activists" in Los Angeles hold a press conference demanding "balanced coverage" of the murder. Nobody knows who they are, but they have the necessary cachet and the camera vans are in the vicinity.

These C.R. spokes insist that negative images of the accused murderer be balanced with equal air time for "profiles of positive role models" of African-American males. To do otherwise will merely confirm the systemic racism of the American media. This meets the media babblers' complex psychological need for sensationalism, self-righteousness, and self-loathing. A renewed sense of purpose surges through the nation's newsrooms: "Run the 911 tapes and find a C.R. spoke to denounce you for it passionately! Get Tom, Dan, Peter, and Geraldo to reflect somberly on the theme, 'The Media: Are There No Limits?'

In cases of extreme national hysteria, when the media gabblers and advocacy spokes have exhausted their resources, Americans on occasion have turned to the wisdom of the Founding Fathers in the hope of recovering civic equilibrium and composure. This has become more difficult in recent years due to a decline in reading skills. The Founding Fathers sometimes engaged in complex reasoning with few pictures. Still, the better college textbooks preserve the essential teachings with the necessary modernizations. An apposite reflection attributed to James Madison, Co-Parent of the Constitution, is found in one popular text: "People will get excited about the darnedest things," he said.

—IGNATIUS BOONE

Mr. Boone is a native of Los Angeles.

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actually lower than that of Britain and Italy. The ordinary lives of the majority of Americans are largely unaffected; even in Washington, D.C., which suffers from most of the pathologies described above, it is possible to live a more or less normal working and social life.

Third, it would be a serious mistake to write off the United States on the basis of its current troubles. Remember Adam Smith's observation that "There is a lot of ruin in a nation." Bear in mind, too, that as well as having the capacity to make big mistakes, the United States also has great energy and capacity for recovery. After a devastating Civil War, the United States quickly recovered and began a long period of spectacular economic growth, overtaking Britain and Germany. During the Great Depression of the 1930s, some of the cleverest people around wrote the United States off as a failure, doomed to irreversible decline. Then it came roaring back and in a few years it was a superpower, producing nearly half the world's wealth.

Fourth, brilliant as are the economies of Asia, in a real sense they are still parasitic on the basic science of the West, which continues to make most of the fundamental breakthroughs on which the technological and communications revolutions depend. Until that ceases to be the case—until, say, Confucian societies have produced their first dozen and a half Nobel Prize–winning scientists—it would be wise to moderate any contempt for the West. (Just to provide a standard of measurement, the Cosmos Club in Washington, D.C., numbers 29 Nobel Prize–winners among its past and present members.)

The same general point applies in the geopolitical area. I would be the first to agree that over the last year the conduct of American foreign policy has been quite feeble. Many Americans share that view and express it openly—spontaneous, unforced, and genuine self-criticism (as opposed to the cruel and compulsory version practiced in China) being a Western civilizational characteristic. But it would be a very serious and dangerous error to equate the performance of the Clinton Administration with the likely longer-term performance of the United States. It could also be a disastrous error—the kind of error that Saddam Hussein made—to act on the assumption that, in dealing with the United States, "it takes only one soldier to be killed before the whole force will be withdrawn" (Dr. Mahathir again). Little tigers should proceed with caution when they are tempted to characterize big tigers as made of paper.

They should be particularly careful if they are likely to need the presence of the alleged paper tiger to provide a stabilizing presence in their region. If they assume that China will be a comfortable neighbor, benign and easily managed; or if they are prepared to accept a resumption of the old Middle Kingdom, with themselves as tributary states; or if they are unworried at the prospect of an unpredictable Kim Jong Il in possession of nuclear weapons —then, of course, there is no problem.

But, if these conditions do not apply, if they are not prepared to put their trust in a belief that Confucian civilizational harmony and solidarity will override the old truths of power politics (and North Korea, apart from anything else, puts great strain on the notion of civilizational solidarity), then they are going to need the United States, and they should adjust their behavior and rhetoric accordingly.

For no one else can play the role of balancer to China, should the U.S. vacate the field. Japan would seem the likeliest candidate; but I do not think that Japan can adequately play this role. For one thing, the Japanese homeland is too vulnerable to allow it to do so with any conviction. For another, the psychology is wrong. While Japan is too inhibited and passive to play the balancing role today, once activated and set in motion it could well become too assertive and insensitive to do so. Lee Kuan Yew's gibe that encouraging Japan to send its soldiers abroad, even as part of a peacekeeping force, is like giving chocolate liqueurs to an abstaining alcoholic has its point.

Be Warned

TO THE EXTENT that Huntington's hypothesis is responded to as a prediction, it may become self-fulfilling. To the extent that it is responded to as a timely warning, it may serve to avoid or mitigate conflict.

I believe that the consequences of the recent fiasco with regard to human rights and MFN may be salutary on the American side. It should serve as a warning that allowing Americans to feel virtuous should not be the object of foreign policy, and that making threats that the country is then not prepared to implement (for very good reasons) is an efficient way of squandering prestige and credibility. To the extent that the United States is serious about promoting human rights, the episode should encourage serious thinking about more effective ways of doing so, whether by promoting economic development and betting on the liberalizing effects of modernization, or by finding other less self-lacerating ways of bringing pressure to bear on the Chinese. In the latter respect there have already been some interesting proposals, in terms of symbolically playing the Taiwan and Tibet cards—steps that would be easy to implement—and putting the onus on the Chinese to respond.

Whether the recent episodes will affect attitudes and behavior on the Asian side, I don't know. On the face of it, they are less likely to act as an effective warning, because it was the United States which both initiated the incidents and then ignominiously backed down. Indeed, these incidents may be seen in Asia as a sign of things to come—a confirmation of Huntington as predictor—and thus foster not only resentment and hostility toward the United States but also contempt.

Whether the hypothesis of "civilizational conflict" is accepted or rejected, it will be as well to keep in mind the element of truth contained in the maxim: "Everybody's strategy depends on everybody else's." It is a maxim applied to the Western game of poker, but it probably applies just as well to *go* and other Asian games—and to international politics, whether of the traditional power-political kind or of the new culturally determined variety that may be on the way. □

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Toward the Millennium

HAPPY WARRIOR

Jack Kemp believes the very poor are no different from you and me—they just have bad incentives. But will the voters give him the chance to test his optimism?

DAVID FRUM

WHO SAYS you can't turn back the clock? In November 1993, an elegant heiress named Christine Todd Whitman ran for governor of New Jersey on a platform of Republican golden oldies: a neo–Kemp–Roth 30 per cent cut in the state income tax, choice in education, and a promise to reduce state spending by squeezing out waste, fraud, and abuse. Liberal commentators like Eleanor Clift of *Newsweek* and Al Hunt of the *Wall Street Journal* predicted victory for the incumbent governor, Jim Florio, who noisily congratulated himself for his courage in raising income taxes. Mr. Florio's re-election would ring the death knell of supply-side economics. Instead, Mrs. Whitman won handsomely—carrying, interestingly, 30 per cent of the black vote, largely because of her pro-private-school message. For romantic Reaganites, happy days were here again.

Nobody took more pleasure from the Whitman victory than the man who wants to repeat her campaign on a national scale, Jack Kemp, Mr. Supply-Side.

Kemp burst upon the conservative consciousness in the late 1970s. Fast-moving, lithe, handsome, exuberant, endlessly cheerful, he was the most exciting phenomenon to hit the Republican Party since Teddy Roosevelt. A barrel-chested former football star, every cilium on whose head was nailed in for keeps, he was certifiably a man of the people. Yet he also determinedly set himself to master the recondite monetary theory of Jacques Rueff. A right-wing Republican who hated Communism and despised arms control, but who also cared about black America; a nostalgic for the gold standard who also believed in unionism, immigration, and the defense of Israel—Kemp was an unpredictable man who delighted in stringing together unlikely modifiers for his conservatism and himself. He was a "bleeding-heart conservative," a "progressive conservative," an "AFL-CIO conservative"; he was "Yitzhak Kemp," a "classical liberal of the twenty-first century." He refused to mix his pro-growth capitalist cocktail with the faintest tincture of budget-cutting bitters. This was—it was said by conservatives and non-conservatives alike—conservatism with a human face. "People don't care what you know," Kemp likes to say, "until they know that you care." Kemp possesses all the arts of the masters of modern political seduction, Jack Kennedy and Ronald Reagan.

So it came as quite a shock to Kemp's many supporters when their hero was flat-out crushed in the 1988 New Hampshire primary. He ran a very distant third behind the pantywaist George Bush and the despised tax-raising Bob Dole. Of course, Bush enjoyed all the advantages of incumbency, and Minority Leader Dole lorded it over the Republicans in the Senate, while Kemp was a mere member of the House of Representatives. But that humble lot was Kemp's own fault. He had declined to challenge Jacob Javits for the New York senatorial nomination in 1980—a challenge successfully mounted by Alfonse D'Amato instead—and had refused to enter the race to succeed Governor Hugh Carey in 1982. A victory in either contest would have enabled him to face George Bush on something more like equal terms in 1988, but Kemp's nerve faltered, as it would falter again in 1990, when he changed his official residence from New York to Maryland to avert being drafted to run against Mario Cuomo. Defeated in the race for the Republican nomination, Kemp asked President Bush for the job of secretary of housing and urban development.

A New War on Poverty

HUD had never ranked very high in the Washington status world. Kemp, however, perceived at HUD a moral and political opportunity for the gritty 1990s. Alexis de Tocqueville long ago noted "that strange melancholy which often haunts the inhabitants of democratic countries in the midst of their abundance, and the disgust at life which sometimes seized upon them in the midst of calm and easy circumstances." America was suffering such a mood in 1989. Just as

Mr. Frum is the author of Dead Right, *which New Republic Books/Basic Books will be publishing this summer and from which the present article has been adapted.* *Copyright © 1994 by David Frum. Published by arrangement with Basic Books, a division of HarperCollins Publishers, Inc.*

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Europeans had grown weary of peace in 1914, Americans at the end of the 1980s were gorged on wealth. Too many people had made too much money too quickly; worse, in the new financial-services and information economy, they had made their money in ways that seemed incomprehensible to much of the general public. At the same time, too many others seemed to have sunk into almost un-American poverty and hopelessness, hopelessness apparently only made worse by the tens of billions of dollars the country spent to alleviate it. From HUD, Kemp would offer the country a new political formula: a "conservative war on poverty"—compassionate, but not liberal; generous, but firmly tethered to traditional moral values. By accepting poverty as a problem worthy of concern, he attempted to immunize conservative ideology against the charge of heartlessness—a far more powerful charge in a country feeling overstuffed, as America did in 1989, than in the fearful America of 1980. By calling for a *conservative* war on poverty, Kemp acknowledged the failure of the redistributive anti-poverty policies of the 1960s. Kemp's language subtly paid tribute to the essential moral health of all the rest of society. The problem was not sexual depravity, or ignorance, or anything at all that might implicate the upper 87 per cent of Americans—no aspersions were being cast upon *them*.

No aspersions were being cast upon the bottom 13 per cent either. Kemp claims to believe that the right incentives will entice almost all the poor out of their poverty. F. Scott Fitzgerald is famously supposed to have said, "The very rich are different from you and me." To which Ernest Hemingway equally famously replied, "Yes, they have more money." In the 1990s, conservatives engaged in a similar debate about the very poor, and Kemp took Hemingway's side. In their values, according to Kemp, the very poor were no different from you and me. What made them different was the incentives and disincentives faced by people born into poverty. Alter those incentives and disincentives—"empower the poor," in the new conservative argot—and millions of formerly poor people would stream into the middle class.

Perhaps this school of conservatism might best be called "optimistic conservatism": optimistic because it sees America's social problems as relatively manageable and because its preferred means of managing them assume the basic moral similarity of all Americans. "It's not the values of the poor that are bankrupt," Kemp told the 1992 Houston convention, "it's the values of the welfare system that are bankrupt." Kemp conservatism can be called optimistic for a third reason too: because it prefers to avoid thinking hard about anything unpleasant. The policies Kemp advocated—tenant ownership of public housing, school vouchers, enterprise zones, removal of the ban on welfare to people who possessed assets worth more than a specified amount—presupposed a vision of the poor as potentially competent, hard-working, and even entrepreneurial people. Since that's what the poor had to be like for the policies favored by Kemp & Co. to work, then that was how they must be.

The core belief of Kemp-style optimists is that America's plush welfare programs, combined with the absence of

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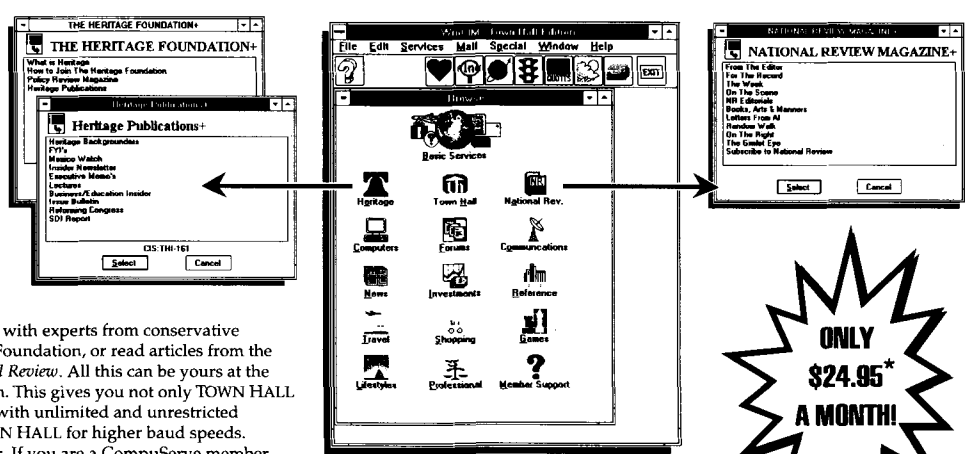

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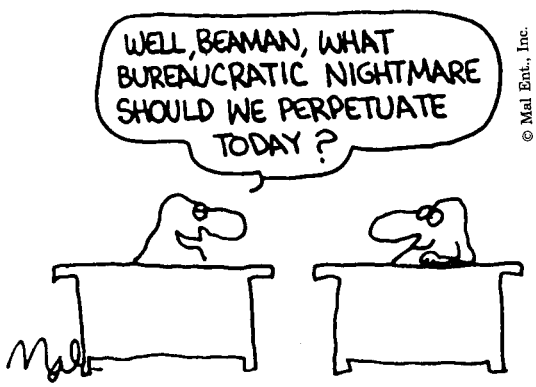
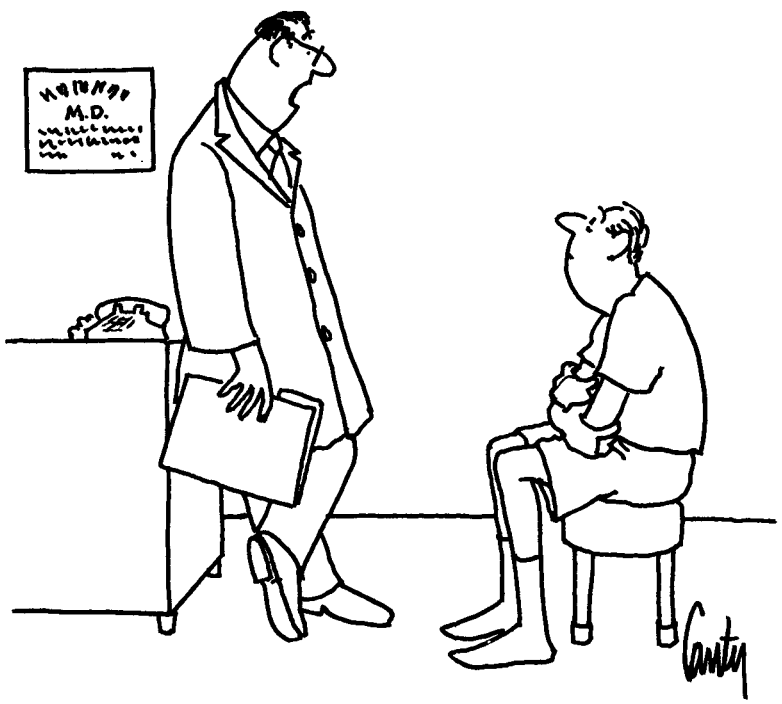
"My client pleads not guilty to the charge of sexual harassment by reason of a testosterone surge."

By Aristide Possessed

Not once since Toussaint Louverture
Has Thomas Jefferson's allure
Produced a democratic state,
But Mr. Clinton's tied his fate
To Jean-Bertrand as if some doc
Had hexed him with a voodoo lock.

W. H. VON DREELE





"Bad news. You're as sound as a dollar."

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steady, low-skilled jobs in the immediate vicinity of the urban poor, presented poor people with something very much like a high marginal tax rate if they moved from dependency to work. The cut-off of welfare payments to families that owned substantial assets amounted to a high marginal tax on saving. The ready availability of welfare to single mothers, in conjunction with the lack of jobs for the unskilled young men produced by ghetto schools, discouraged wedlock. All America had to do to move people out of dependency and into work and marriage was reverse the pattern of incentives and disincentives.

But how to do it? Kemp advocated two specific programs: the privatization of public housing and the creation of enterprise zones. Kemp did not just believe in these two ideas; he crusaded for them. In testimony before Congress, the new HUD secretary promised that tenant ownership of public housing "is going to save babies, save children, save families and save America." Kemp was inspired by the huge success of the privatization of public housing in Great Britain. More than one-third of the British population lived in housing owned by the state in 1979. Over the next dozen years, 1.5 million of the 6.5 million council houses, as they were called, were sold to their occupants at concessionary prices. The new owners were converted from wards of the state into independent householders—and uncoincidentally from Labour into Conservative voters. Kemp envisioned a comparable transformation here. In his enthusiasm, however, he overlooked a few big problems. American public-housing dwellers are a much harder-core poverty population than were the residents of British public housing before Margaret Thatcher. In 1979, one-quarter of British housing was owned by the government, and most of the residents were employed. Only 2 per cent of American housing is government-owned, and between 70 and 90 per cent of public-housing residents subsist on welfare. Americans living in housing projects are therefore going to be far less likely to be able to maintain their new properties, let alone summon up the nominal price that British council householders were obliged to pay. Nor are they going to be equally eager to do so: because British council housing was populated by working people rather than a welfare population, it was generally in better shape than American public housing is. That meant that $20,000 spent to buy a flat in Wandsworth was a far wiser investment than even a much smaller sum for an apartment in a graffiti-covered high-rise on East 138th Street.

The Man from HOPE

UNDETERRED, Kemp pressed ahead. As a congressman, he had pushed hard for the 1987 sale of the Kenilworth–Parkside project in Washington, D.C., to its residents. Secretary Kemp's Home Ownership for People Everywhere (HOPE) program would spread the success of Kenilworth–Parkside nationwide—but, along the way, compromises had to be made.

Jim Ridings

"Nothing else seems to work, so I'm going to put you on welfare and see if that does it."

To the question, Where are we going to put the hard-core poor? Kemp replied by agreeing to build one additional public-housing unit for every unit sold. To the question, Why would anyone buy these awful places? Kemp and his predecessors had responded by spending vast sums on renovation—at the showcase Kenilworth–Parkside project, renovation costs hit $130,000 per unit, more than double the cost of building a public-housing unit from scratch. The question, How can we be sure that the residents can maintain their homes? Kemp answered with Operation Bootstrap—despite its name, a Great Society-style agglomeration of social assistance and counseling. And the question, How do we prevent the beneficiaries of this $130,000 renovation from instantly selling their homes and reaping a windfall profit at the expense of the taxpayer? was met with regulations restricting the rights of the new "owners" to sell. In most cases, owners would be permitted to sell only back to the tenant association that ran the project.

"We will not let [Kenilworth–Parkside] fail," deputy assistant HUD secretary David Caprara told reporters from the *National Journal*. But by ensuring that the project could not fail, Kemp and his colleagues also guaranteed that it could not succeed. What Kemp had done, in his attempt to extend the market in housing to poor people, was to synthesize markets as haltingly and unsuccessfully as any Gorbachevian market socialist. Kemp had reasoned that since home-owners behave better than non-home-owners, the conduct of the non-home-owning poor would improve if they became owners. But he did not allow for two critical possibilities. Perhaps it was good behavior that caused home-owning rather than the other way round; in which case granting home-ownership as a gift would make little difference. And even if the causality ran the way Kemp thought it did, maybe it wasn't the mere fact of ownership that changed the behavior of the poor, but the hard reality of paying a lot of money for an asset and then being obliged to protect that asset in order to reap a gain from it. In that case too one had to doubt that owners who had paid virtually nothing for their asset and who were not permitted to profit from it would behave like real owners. Nor did Kemp allow for the demoralizing effects of his project on the poor—and non-poor—people who do not live in public housing and who would very much appreciate the government's swinging by and doing $130,000 worth of home improvements for them. One effect of HOPE, however, was clear and indisputable: the HUD budget swelled from $19.7 billion in 1989 to $28.1 billion four years later.

Enterprise zones were also a Thatcherite idea, although unlike the privatization of public housing they had not

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been a success in Britain. The hope had been that by repealing regulations and taxes within a depressed area, policymakers could cause a series of miniature Hong Kongs to come to life within the British Isles. Instead, businesses in the areas immediately adjoining the zones shifted their operations across the boundary line. Few new businesses were born.

Some localities in the United States have also experimented with enterprise zones, with even more disappointing results. Why move from downtown Washington to a (hypothetical) Anacostia enterprise zone when you can escape nearly as much of the burden of government by moving to clean, picturesque, crime-free Loudon County? Nor does lightening the burden of government seem to be sufficient stimulus for the people living in Anacostia to rush out and start businesses. Those people undoubtedly are overtaxed and overregulated, but they suffer far more grievous problems too: crime, the absence of a commercial culture, the allurements of welfare—all of which remain in place when the ribbon is cut at the entrance to the enterprise zone.

Kemp defends enterprise zones as an idea that has never been properly tested. And perhaps it is true that an enterprise zone is the sort of thing that must be implemented 100 per cent correctly before you see any results whatsoever. But without directly criticizing the man who remains the best hope of the Republican Right, more and more conservatives have begun to doubt Kemp's smooth assertions. Unsurprisingly, one of the first to publicize his doubts was George Will, never infatuated with economistic reasoning. "I asked Kemp whether there was really some rate of economic growth—4 per cent, or 5 per cent, or 6 per cent—that would cause women to stop having babies out of wedlock. He believes there is. I simply don't."

Certainly Kemp's faith in the power of wealth to harmonize social conflict seems exaggerated if not embarrassingly materialistic. Still, there is something appealing about the man who champions optimism. "It's ironic to me," Kemp said scornfully during our interview, "that at the collapse of Communism there's a collapse of confidence on the Right. They're selling fear and insecurity and a very small-minded view of America. I have a big view of America. . . . Our revolution is now global. It won't be long before the Declaration of Independence is basically the lodestar for everybody from Tiananmen Square to Wenceslaus Square to Soweto, South Africa."

The comic history book *1066 and All That* describes the English Civil War as a conflict between the Cavaliers, who were "wrong but wromantic," and the Roundheads, who were "right but repulsive." That's not so fanciful a description of the civil war between Kemp and his conservative enemies. The optimists' wrongheadedness, if indeed it is wrongheadedness, about their various pet gimmicks—from enterprise zones to quality circles—is the consequence of excessive faith in the capacity of others. Nothing to be ashamed of in that, and much to be proud of. Kemp never appears to wonder whether the ultimate cause of the troubles of black people might not be black people themselves; he never doubts that there can be found an economic solution to every American social problem. For a country that likes to hear about solutions, that's a powerful recommendation in a politician.

Even so, Kemp seems fated to be the James G. Blaine of the twentieth century: the plumed knight of the Republican Party who somehow never quite makes the historical cut. He is the end of something rather than the beginning of something. When asked, Kemp, though not an introspective man, will concede the possibility that time has passed him by. "If the conservative movement temporarily moves away from basically Reagan's view—Reagan," he says emphatically, "to, say, the Buchanan view, then I will ride off into the sunset and raise my grandchildren and never be heard from again. But that's what the '94 election will be all about and the '96 election and the '98 election and the millennium election." □

Domestic Violence

ABUSED STATISTICS

Like hydra heads or spreading kudzu, the false statistics keep proliferating.

CATHY YOUNG

IT DID not take long for advocacy groups and some commentators to claim that the O. J. Simpson case could do for domestic violence what Anita Hill did for sexual harassment. If the Anita Hill analogy refers to gender politics eclipsing truth, common sense, and journalistic skepticism, then that is exactly what's happening.

We are barraged with horrendous figures. CNN's Sheryl Potts said at the end of a 3.5-minute segment on wife-abuse, "While you were watching this, 13 women were severely beaten by someone who claims to love them" (i.e., one every 15 seconds). According to the Associated Press, "4 million to 6 million women are beaten [each year]. That means once every 5 seconds . . . a woman is punched or kicked . . . or held down and pummeled." On *Crossfire*, Miami radio talk-show host Pat Stevens upped the count to 60 million by reasoning that "there are 6 million reported cases," and "the FBI estimates" that only 1 in 10 is reported. This went unchallenged.

One AP report ran somewhat counter to the general tone, noting that murders of women by male partners had dropped 18 per cent since the late 1970s; but it went on to temper this unduly optimistic message with the assertion that non-fatal violence was up: "From 1980 to 1990, federal figures show, reports of domestic assault . . . rose from 2 million to 4 million, according to Rita Smith, coordinator for the

Miss Young is a freelance writer and the author of the forthcoming Gender Wars *(Free Press, 1995).*

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National Coalition Against Domestic Violence."

Where do the numbers come from? One source for the 4-to-6-million figure is a 1993 Commonwealth Fund study, which included such acts as shoving, slapping, and throwing things in its definition of battering. The statistic of a woman beaten every 15 seconds is derived from the 1985 National Family Violence Survey by University of New Hampshire researchers Murray Straus and Richard Gelles, which estimated that about 1.8 million American women each year suffer at least one incident of "severe violence" by a partner—a punch, a kick, an assault with an object. But only 7 per cent of the victims required medical care. A study published in *Archives of Internal Medicine* in 1992 found that, based on reports by wives in marital therapy, 48 per cent of "severe marital aggression" by husbands caused no injury, and 31 per cent caused only a "superficial bruise." While these are still reprehensible acts, most people visualize something very different when they think of "severe violence."

And the reports of domestic assault rising from 2 to 4 million a year over a decade? The figure, said Rita Smith, came from the Justice Department's Bureau of Justice Statistics. Were these assaults reported to police? "Either that, or to medical personnel," said Miss Smith. "I'm not exactly sure how they gathered it, but it was one of the statistics they put out in some publication." What publication? She didn't recall.

An information specialist at the BJS knew nothing of such figures. Most of the Bureau's publications are based on the National Crime Victimization Survey, which puts the number of female victims of assaults by partners at about 470,000 a year.

Another shocking claim was made in a *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* segment by Connie McCall of Rainbow Services, a battered-women's assistance group in Los Angeles: "Over 50 per cent of women admitted to emergency rooms are admitted for an injury caused by a partner." In a pre–O. J. Simpson speech last March, Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala gave a more modest estimate: "In our hospital emergency rooms, some 20 to 30 per cent of women arrive because of physical abuse by their partner."

These numbers (whose implausibility ought to be evident to anyone who has ever been to a hospital) come in part from studies in which medical charts were reviewed and most unexplained or inadequately explained injuries to women were reclassified as related to abuse, and in part from a 1984 study based on questionnaires distributed to emergency-room patients in a Detroit hospital. About 25 per cent of the female patients answered "yes" to the statement, "At some time my boyfriend/husband or girlfriend/wife has pushed me around, hit me, kicked me, or hurt me"; so did about 20 per cent of the men. Most of the abuse did not seem to be directly related to the emergency-room visit. Moreover, a high percentage of the subjects were poor, unemployed, and cohabiting without marriage—factors strongly associated with the risk of domestic violence.

"Selwin, I know you're in there. Come out with you're hands up."

The same fallacy of projecting data obtained by studying the urban poor to the population at large is responsible for another widely reported figure—cited, for instance, in *Newsweek*'s July 4 cover story on battered women: "[I]n 1992 the U.S. Surgeon General ranked abuse by husbands and partners as the leading cause of injuries to women aged 15 to 44." In fact, in a 1992 column in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on the medical response to domestic abuse, then-Surgeon General Antonia Novello mentioned that "One study found violence to be . . . the leading cause of injuries to women ages 15 through 44." This refers to *all* violence, not just violence by male partners. The article in which the finding was reported, titled "A Population-Based Study of Injuries in Inner City Women," examines emergency-room visits by women "in a poor, urban, black community in western Philadelphia."

And how many women are killed by their current or former mates? CNN has cited the figure of 4,000 a year—even though the FBI statistic is 1,300 to 1,400. The higher number comes from activist groups and includes, Miss Smith told me, "a lot of suspicious deaths that aren't [officially] classified as a homicide." The higher the better: on *This Week with David Brinkley*, Lynne Gold-Bikin, incoming chairman of the American Bar Association's family-law section, claimed that "some 25 per cent of women who are abused ultimately get killed by their husbands." If, as *Newsweek* says, "1 woman in 4 will be physically assaulted in her lifetime," this would put a woman's risk of being murdered by a partner at 1 in 16. In fact, it's closer to 1 in 1,000.

A widely cited statistic—which appeared in Sheryl Potts's CNN report—is that "women who leave their batterers are at a 75 per cent greater risk of being killed by the batterer than those who stay." This information was attributed to the NCADV; a brochure issued by the organization cites "Barbara Hart, 1988," as the source. When I asked Miss Smith about this, she said a bit

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hesitantly, "Barbara Hart is an attorney with the Pennsylvania Coalition Against Domestic Violence—and I have recently talked to her and she said, 'I didn't say that.' So, the figure—whether or not it's 75 per cent, I don't know. [But] most of the women who are murdered are either separated or in the process of leaving when they die." She assumed that all these women had been battered in the marriage. However, a number of experts such as criminologist Lawrence Sherman, president of the Crime Control Institute and author of *Policing Domestic Violence* (1992), dispute the "escalation" theory. Sherman's study in Milwaukee over nearly two years revealed that in 33 domestic murders, 32 couples had no prior police record of battery—and there was 1 homicide among the roughly 6,500 couples with such records.

Epidemic Proportions?

IS THERE an epidemic of domestic violence in America? One could say that we have an epidemic of violence in general, and for all the talk about doctors and executives who beat their wives, domestic violence tends to affect primarily the same segments of society as street crime. Men and, to a lesser extent, women guilty of violence in the home are also much more likely than other people to commit violent acts outside the family. Yet the view that domestic violence is largely the doing of a minority of thugs and sociopaths is anathema to the highly politicized battered-women's advocacy movement. An NCADV pamphlet makes this clear: "A feminist-based analysis of battering [shifts] from a focus on the 'pathology' of individuals or families to the particular social policies, norms, and practices which tolerate woman-abuse."

The theme of supposed tolerance for woman-battering in our culture is reflected in the infamous tale of the "rule of thumb," repeated by Cokie Roberts on *This Week with David Brinkley*: "The rule of thumb, the expression we use . . . that was the size of the stick that was acceptable to beat your wife with under common law." Yet, as the scholar Christina Hoff Sommers shows in *Who Stole Feminism?* this origin of the phrase "rule of thumb" is a myth. While two American courts in the nineteenth century alluded to such an "ancient law" they never invoked it as a standard. The first legal code enacted by the Massachusetts colonists in 1652 *prohibited* wife-beating.

Despite attempts to find the roots of wife-battering in the power of physical chastisement once given to husbands by law, few serious researchers believe that domestic violence is primarily a way to maintain patriarchal control. Even feminist scholar Elizabeth Schneider of Brooklyn Law School concedes, in a 1992 *New York University Law Review* article, that the "traditional model" of battering as a means of maintaining male dominance "is thrown into question when the violent partner is a woman, or the victim is a man." Though Professor Schneider is referring to same-sex couples, a wealth of research (notably the Straus–Gelles studies) has found that wives and girlfriends are the aggressors at least half the time, though they are five to six times less likely to cause physical damage. (On one *MacNeil/Lehrer* report, an L.A. police officer said that he had been on many calls where the woman was the assailant; but the panel discussion following the segment focused solely on male batterers and female victims.)

For every two women killed by a male partner, there is at least one man killed by a wife or girlfriend—not including cases dismissed as self-defense. It is interesting to recall that in 1989, when San Diego housewife Betty Broderick fatally shot her ex-husband and his new wife after harassing them for months, the incident was not seen as emblematic of the epidemic of domestic violence by women. Indeed, Mrs. Broderick got a great deal of sympathy as a wronged wife (she claimed that Dan Broderick's alimony payments of only $16,000 *a month* amounted to a white-collar version of battery), and her first trial ended with a hung jury. Male violence toward women fits into the fashionable larger theme of oppression; female violence toward men does not.

With remarkable lack of compunction about exploiting a horrible tragedy for political gain, members of the National Organization for Women, with Patricia Schroeder and other congresswomen on hand, rallied on Capitol Hill to urge passage of the Violence Against Women Act—which, among other things, would redefine wife-beating as a gender-based hate crime and mandate sensitivity training for judges. (In Massachusetts, a similar media frenzy has already led to a situation in which, former Massa-

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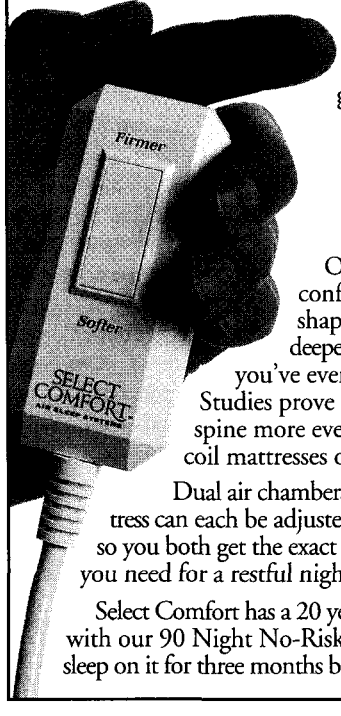

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chusetts Bar Association President Elaine Epstein wrote last year, "it has become essentially impossible to effectively represent a man against whom any allegation of domestic violence has been made.")

Beyond these immediate political goals, the advocates' real agenda is to promote their view that American women are routinely terrorized by men who are intent on keeping them subjugated. Why not just say that 5 out of 4 women are battered by men, and be done with it? Given their track records, the media would probably buy that one, too. □

Unfunded Mandates

PASSING THE BUCK

Worried by how little money it had to spend, Congress decided to spread the burden.

WILLIAM TUCKER

A REBELLION that started in the Department of Health of Columbus, Ohio, four years ago finally rumbled through the halls of Congress last month.

"Unfunded mandates"—the outcry of state and local governments—finally made it through the Senate Government Affairs Committee. Under the leadership of Chairman John Glenn (D., Ohio), the committee marked up a reform bill that would require Congress at least to note in passing that it is spending on other people's accounts.

The bill is a much weakened version of an earlier proposal, by Dirk Kempthorne (R., Idaho) in the Senate and Gary Condit (D., Calif.) in the House, which would have specified that if Congress does not provide funds for a mandate, then the mandate becomes optional. The Glenn proposal would merely require an automatic point of order whenever Congress adopts something that will require states or cities to reach into their own pockets.

Even this point of order can be overcome by majority vote. This disappointed municipal governments, which had wanted a "supermajority" of 60 per cent. But when you're belling the cat, you probably have to be satisfied if the bell is made of papier-mâché.

"I call it the 'Truth in Legislating' bill," says Frank Shafroth, director of federal relations at the National League of Cities. "At least the Senate is acknowledging that there is a problem."

Principal opposition to the bill came from certain quarters of the Clinton Administration (such as the EPA) and public-employee unions (such as the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees), which see federal mandates as a cornucopia of jobs. "We support adequate funding of government mandates," says Ed Jayne, associate director of legislation at AFSCME. "We're not sure this bill gets at the problem. On its face, it doesn't seem to provide any additional resources."

Although Congress has never shied away from imposing requirements on other jurisdictions, what has changed in recent years is the magnitude of its ambitions. Between 1970 and 1986, Congress imposed only 19 new mandates on state and local governments. When it became obvious that the federal well was running dry, however, Congress stepped up the pace—with the help of the hapless Bush Administration. Since 1988, there have been no fewer than 72 new forms of mandated spending. The Conference of Mayors estimates the costs to cities alone at $6.5 billion annually, with the Clean Water Act accounting for more than half the amount ($3.6 billion).

The realization that they were picking up the tab for Congress's ambitions emerged only gradually among city officials. In 1991, the Columbus City Council was told it had to clean up some discarded solvents at a municipal garage in order to comply with a state environmental mandate. Figuring the job would cost a few thousand dollars, the council asked the Department of Health to prepare an estimate. They were shocked when it came back at $2 million. "How many more of these mandates do we have sitting around?" the council members asked Deputy Commissioner of Health Mike Pompili. He decided to find out.

Within two months, Pompili had calculated that by the year 2000 federal and state mandates would have cost the city of 600,000 a total of $1.6 billion, or $650 per year per household. "Nobody realized just how far the process had already gone," he recalls.

Columbus encouraged other cities to start totaling up their mandates, and soon an angry chorus of voices was rising throughout the land. Lewiston, Maine, a city of 40,000 people, uncovered $92 million in mandates. Anchorage, Alaska—which had just been forced to give up a fish-waste recycling project to conform with a federal mandate—identified a $600-per-year-per-household figure.

"All this was only considering ten major environmental programs—the Clean Air Act, the Safe Drinking Water Act, and so forth," says Pompili. Add the Americans with Disabilities Act and the Fair Labor Standards Act (which is forcing cities to pay hourly overtime to salaried professionals) and the Conference of Mayors puts projected 1994-to-1998 costs at $54 billion.

The Americans with Disabilities Act, signed by President Bush in 1990, is a typical piece of mandating legislation. "The main virtue of this bill was that it cost the Federal Government virtually nothing," says Richard Burkhauser, whose article "Morality on the Cheap: The Americans with Disabilities Act" appeared in the *Cato Review of Business and Government* in 1990. "All the costs were imposed on businesses and local governments."

Greyhound, for example, may be forced to spend $43 million to build wheelchair lifts into its intercity buses. Since the 1970s, the company has had a program where a companion of a disabled person can travel free. If the Department of Transportation decides this isn't good enough, the entire cost

Mr. Tucker, formerly a reporter at Forbes *and* The Bond Buyer, *writes frequently on municipal finance.*

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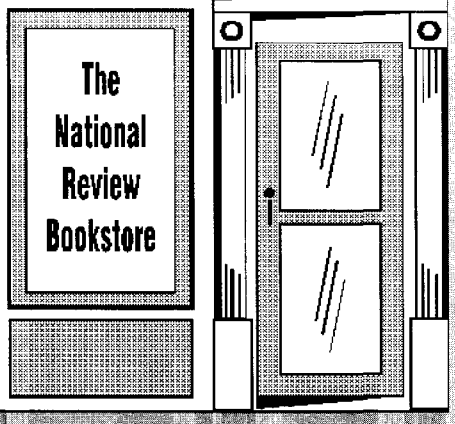

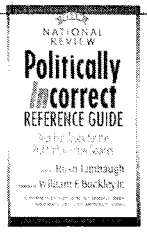

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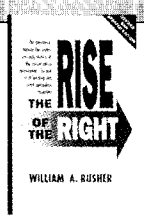

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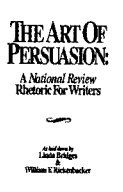

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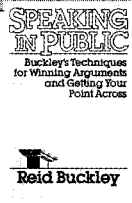

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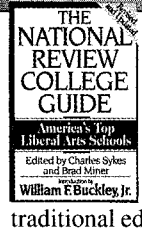

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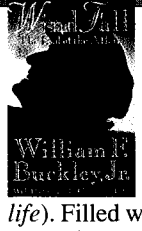

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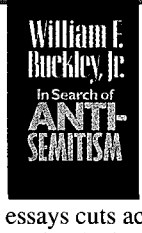

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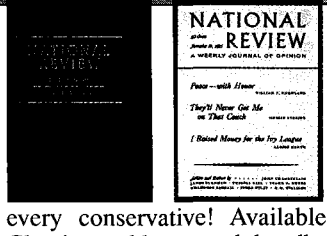

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will be borne by the company—and by its riders, who are not exactly high-income people.

Catch–22

IT'S NOT just the costs but the idiocy that has civic officials riled up. The town of Gadsden, Alabama, for example, has been forced to build a $1.5-million pumping station to send chlorinated rinse water once a month from its drinking plant to its sewage plant. After being backflushed through the system, the rinse water exceeds the chlorine content permissible by the National Pollution Discharge Elimination Systems (NPDES).

But once the water reaches the sewer plant it contains too *little* chlorine to meet NPDES standards for sewage discharge. Therefore, the city must *add* chlorine to make it acceptable. "The outcome is we've spent $1.5 million to *add* chlorine to water that we couldn't discharge because it had too much in the first place," says Jack Rutledge, general manager of the Gadsden Water Works and Sewage Board.

In promoting National Unfunded Mandates Day last fall, the Conference of Mayors published an entire booklet filled with similar complaints. The Americans with Disabilities Act has ridden roughshod over Tucson's efforts to provide transportation to the elderly and handicapped. "We had a nice system where anyone with a note from a doctor could get service by requesting it a day in advance," says Jim Glock, the city's transportation planning commissioner. "But ADA required that we give immediate service to anyone with a severe handicap. The demand overwhelmed us. As a result, we were forced to push a lot of elderly and infirm people who were not severely handicapped out of the system."

Grand Island, Nebraska, is being forced to deal with a Safe Drinking Water requirement that makes the municipality responsible for the lead and copper content of water *as it emerges from people's taps.* "Our water goes into people's houses perfectly clean," says Bob Smith, assistant director of utilities. "It's picking up lead and copper from people's pipes. Common sense would tell you that's not our fault, but the Federal Government is holding us responsible anyway." As a result, the city may be forced to spend $10 million to lower the pH of its drinking water so that it does not pick up lead and copper so easily from aging pipes.

Such mandated costs can overwhelm a town's budget. Wayne Township, Indiana, has only a $4.5-million budget. One thing that has kept down expenses is the world's largest volunteer fire department. But it is now subject to the same federal mandates as paid fire departments. "We spend about $100,000 on required physicals for our firefighters," says Gene Stofer, a town trustee. "OSHA insists that they all have their own air masks, which cost us $1,000 apiece. We've spent close to $2 million meeting requirements for training for hazardous materials—many of which we haven't seen in this township for decades. The required paperwork burden is enormous. A town this size just can't afford this kind of expense."

Five years ago, Preston, Idaho (pop. 3,710), was halfway through rebuilding its fifty-year-old secondary sewage treatment plant when officials from the EPA told the town it was out of compliance with the Clean Water Act. "I said we were going to finish the plant as soon as possible," recalls Mayor J. Walter Ross. "They said that wasn't good enough. I asked what they were going to do and they said, 'We're going to fine you $25,000 a day.' I told them, 'Fine. You've just bought yourself a community.'" The EPA backed off.

Yet despite the complaints about losing their freedom of action, not many municipal officials are completely opposed to having their priorities set by the Federal Government. Often, they just want Congress to foot the bill.

"We're not opposed to the goals of these mandates," says Jerry Abramson, mayor of Louisville and outgoing president of the Conference of Mayors. "We just want to see the funds provided."

The Real Target

DESPITE all this municipal complaining, it is the nation's businesses, small and large, who remain the principal target of Congress's mandating habits.

The Family Leave Act, the Clinton Administration's chief domestic accomplishment, is typical. In order to keep the nation's families together, Congress doesn't have to spend a thing. It simply requires all businesses to foot the bill by allowing workers to take vacations (unpaid, but with benefits and seniority intact) for any reason that can be construed as a "family situation."

Well, not quite all businesses. Firms with fewer than 50 employees are exempt. The result? "We're seeing a lot of companies stuck at 49 employees," says Diane Generous, director of risk management at the National Association of Manufacturers. A NAM survey of two thousand executives found that 64 per cent were delaying hiring and 80 per cent were using overtime or temporary workers to avoid government mandates.

As for ClintonCare, who can even guess? The National Federation of Independent Business has estimated a loss of between 200,000 and a million jobs from small businesses. "When municipalities get mandated they are forced to raise taxes," says Terry Hill at NFIB. "But our members either stop hiring or go under."

Is there any possibility of an alliance between small governments and small businesses? Senator Byron Dorgan (D., N.D.) managed to attach an amendment to the Senate bill saying that OMB data on projected costs will have to be prepared for businesses as well as local governments.

But on the whole, local governments will make uncertain allies since they themselves are piling a lot of costs on businesses. Several states have already adopted Clintonesque health-care programs that throw the costs into business's lap. For more than a decade now, municipalities have been mandating that developers build parks, schools, and entire sewer systems just for the

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privilege of putting up houses within the community—although a recent Supreme Court decision may curtail this practice.

The struggle to pass on costs also divides state and local governments. Columbus found that one-third of its $1.6-billion mandate bill was manufactured in the Ohio legislature rather than in Washington. Education has been a particularly sore point, with state mandates often absorbing most of the local school districts' budgets.

Thus, the habit of passing legislation and shunting the costs onto others is likely to remain alive. What is being revealed, after all, is only the politician's old game of promising to improve the world by spending other people's money. □

The Citadel Case

SAVE THE MALES?

In the looking-glass world of equal opportunity, free choice for one means no choice for everyone else.

ELIZABETH FOX-GENOVESE

WOULD Scarlett O'Hara have wanted to attend The Citadel? Anyone who remembers Scarlett sitting amidst a throng of adoring young men at the barbecue at Twelve Oaks knows the answer to that question. How could she not have delighted in the idea of being the only woman among two thousand cadets—provided she did not have to shave her head, do pushups, and run two miles in 15 minutes? But then Scarlett's interest would have depended precisely upon The Citadel's remaining—except for herself—a single-sex school. For Scarlett, you will recall, did not much like other women.

The reader may wonder, as others none too politely have done, how a feminist was drawn into supporting the Virginia Military Institute and The Citadel against those attempting to use the courts to force them to admit women. Having attended a women's college, I had no principled difficulty with supporting single-sex education. I believe in it, and I believe it should remain an option for those who choose to benefit from it. As a result, my initial support for VMI derived as much from my conviction that I was defending an option for women as from any special predisposition to defend a military-style, single-sex education for men. During the months I have worked on these cases, I have become converted to the value of such an education for some men, but that strong commitment does not conflict with my fundamental concern for the way in which women's issues will be played out during the coming years, and especially the way in which they will be understood in the Republican Party.

As it stands, the Democrats, especially the radicals among them, have secured a virtual monopoly of this discussion, which Republicans, to their cost, tend to ignore. Make no mistake: the cost will be high. For the issues will not go away, and if the radicals sustain their claim to define them, the damage to our institutions and political culture may prove irreversible.

Bastions of Privilege?

IF YOU credit the opposition, conservatives defend The Citadel and VMI because they are men (or brainwashed, male-dominated women) who believe that the biological differences between women and men justify the exclusion of women from male enclaves, including the professional and economic elite. Doubtless, too many conservatives do. After all, will not the defense of sexual differences help to restore a world in which women are women and men are men and both accept their ordained roles? Other conservatives believe that, being naturally suited for the nurture of the young and vulnerable, women should not participate in warfare lest the experience of killing and the risk of being killed harden them against their own natural gifts. This line of argument extends to such contentions as that women should not lead men, especially in combat; that women should stay at home where they belong; and so forth. Those opposed to The Citadel and VMI quote these arguments to show that the schools are illegitimately preserving bastions of male power and prestige on selfish grounds.

During the Citadel trial, in which I have been involved as an advisor, I prodded the members of our legal team, just for the record, to ask the key expert witnesses for the opposition which they hated more, men or the South? Although the question was never asked, we agreed it captured the mood of the opposition. And some of the liberal reporters covering the trial scornfully noted in their accounts the appearance of buttons sporting the message, "Save the males." For the liberal media, these buttons confirmed the benighted and reactionary attitudes of those who sympathized with The Citadel.

To destroy this alleged bastion of male privilege, the opposition advanced the purportedly moving claims of poor Shannon Faulkner, the young woman who had been "stigmatized" by her exclusion from The Citadel's corps of cadets. Miss Faulkner, you will recall, had applied to The Citadel, having first persuaded her guidance counselor to remove all indications of her sex from her application and transcript. She received a provisional acceptance, which The Citadel, when it discovered she was female, withdrew. What a blow to her self-esteem! All this was widely reported. What was less widely reported, if at all, is that Miss Faulkner applied to The Citadel only because she accidentally discovered that it did not admit women, that she plans to become a teacher of young children, and that she has secured a Hollywood agent. She now claims that she was attracted by The Citadel's military discipline, but her admitted lack of interest in any other military schools, and her emphatic insistence that she would have no interest whatsoever in an all-female equivalent of The Citadel, permit one to doubt her candor. In contrast, there

Professor Fox-Genovese teaches women's history at Emory University in Atlanta.

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were no grounds to doubt her sincerity when she spoke of her desire to wear the Citadel ring. To be a Citadel man! Now there is an aspiration worthy of any modern and progressive woman.

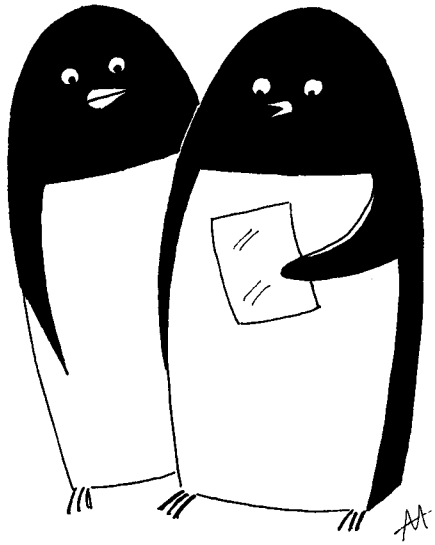
Miss Faulkner comes from South Carolina, and there are grounds to believe that she may understand something of The Citadel's local prestige. Most of those who are representing her, however, may well never have heard of The Citadel before being drawn into her case. The only member of her legal team who had previous contact with the college had been denied tenure in English there and was waiting for an opportunity to get even. Most of the rest of the team came from Washington or New York, and most were highly accomplished women who harbored a passionate ideological opposition to anything that appeared to validate any differences between women and men.

Endangered Species

WHEN Robert Patterson, VMI's lead lawyer, opened his case by likening the opposition to big-game hunters and VMI to an endangered species, he was on target. But the danger is not confined to a handful of small, traditional institutions. The destruction of The Citadel and VMI is but a step in a comprehensive political and cultural revolution. And in planning their counterattack, conservatives would do well to note that public feeling for Shannon Faulkner has run high, presumably because very few Americans these days really believe that young women should be denied educational and occupational opportunities simply on account of their sex.

As it happens, I passionately oppose the idea that young women should be denied such opportunities—although I do not expect them to fare well in open competition for starting positions on professional football teams. Experience has taught that there is little that women cannot do as well as or better than men, especially in a world in which intelligence, knowledge, and the ability to work with others are the most reliable keys to professional success. I also believe that, as a rule, women should be prepared to compete freely with men to secure those rewards.

In the Citadel case, opponents defended a version of this position, arguing that Shannon Faulkner's being a woman should not be grounds for excluding her from the corps of cadets even if most other women would not share her ambition, and even if many other women might not meet the physical requirements. The core of their position lay in two interlocking premises: 1) that the Fourteenth Amendment dictates that *no single individual* may be denied opportunity on account of race or sex; 2) that the differences among women and among men as individuals are greater than the differences between the sexes. For these reasons, they argued, no public institution should be permitted to discriminate on the basis of sex, although private institutions might. Their argument, then—to be perfectly clear about its possible implications—is that each citizen of the United States must be treated as an individual rather than as a member of a group and that public institutions must be subject to especially strict scrutiny in this regard.



"It's from Washington. They want to know why there are no penguins of color."

They therefore take the radically individualist position that no citizen deserves special protection because of membership in a specific group, although those who can afford private institutions may well enjoy a certain latitude. Now, I submit that their position is fundamentally elitist. I further submit that all the members of that legal team, including the expert witnesses, almost certainly consider themselves liberal and vote for the Democratic Party, which trumpets its anti-elitism from coast to coast. Finally, I submit that many free-market conservatives would find this position congenial. Does not strict adherence to the freedom of the market logically lead to the most radical individualism, including a free market in morals and social relations?

That Shannon Faulkner's team, with its significant ACLU component, does not subscribe to the logical implications of its own arguments bears some attention. As the record of the policies they and their allies favor for coeducational institutions clearly reveals, these are not folks who really subscribe to equality of individual opportunity. They tend to believe that many schools shortchange girls and various non-white men. And they enthusiastically promote rectification of inequalities through re-education—or what they like to call transformation. To simplify a complex issue, they ultimately believe that the way to promote diversity is to subject everyone equally to stringent control of behavior and thought. They love workshops to combat sexism, racism, classism, disableism, homophobia, and all the rest. One of their expert witnesses proudly insisted that the main purpose of education was to foster the appropriate social attitudes. Meanwhile, they condemn any manifestation of religion in school on the grounds that since people disagree about morals and have different social attitudes, the schools have no business interfering.

Shannon Faulkner's legal team admitted to no contradiction between their arguments in favor of her individual rights under the Fourteenth Amendment and their allies' pretensions to social engineering. Nor did they worry for one second that her admission to The Citadel might transform accepted procedure into sexual harassment. It is clear that if any cadet did to Shannon Faulkner what all the cadets do to one another he would be guilty of sexual harassment. To which her legal team responds, "Bravo." Shannon must be admitted to The Citadel because she is an individual who wants its benefits; The Citadel must change to accommodate her, because . . . she is a woman. And, as a woman, she needs protections from the cadets that they do not need from one another. To me, that reasoning looks a lot like the defense of maternity leave rather than parental leave, which the defense team would indignantly oppose. But then, to each her own inconsistency.

My concern here is with other consistencies and inconsistencies. Why do some outside the conservative movement—like me—defend single-sex education? If women are as competent as

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men, and if they require the same opportunities to support themselves, why should they not attend school with men? The short answer is that, if they choose to attend coeducational institutions, they should do so. We nonetheless know that single-sex education provides significant advantages for many women who then go on to excel in a coeducational world.

Boys and Girls Apart

THERE ARE many different reasons advanced for the success of single-sex education for women, but, in my judgment, the real defense of single-sex education lies precisely in its single-sexedness—in its permitting young women (and young men) to focus on their studies free from the intrusions of the mating/dating games. For whether or not we believe men and women follow the same patterns of intellectual development, they definitely follow different patterns of hormonal development, with the result that young men are notoriously given to the pursuit of sexual adventure, while young women are more likely to worry about relationships. Coeducational campuses, with their proliferation of sexual-harassment codes, amply confirm the prevalence of these conflicting patterns—with sometimes ridiculous, sometimes repressive, and sometimes tragic results for all concerned.

So why not defend single-sex education for women only, especially since we have little or no evidence about the benefits of single-sex education for men? The dearth of such evidence primarily testifies to the resounding lack of interest in the subject on the part of those who dominate educational studies and, increasingly, educational policy. And those who have considered the topic in passing tend to conclude that it encourages young men's sexism. One of the expert witnesses for Shannon actually announced that she considered the reluctance of the Citadel cadets to use obscenity in front of women as conclusive evidence of their sexism. So much for manners and civility! The low divorce rate (3 per cent) of VMI graduates produces a similar response: VMI men must be dominating, if not abusing, their wives. But the real problem with defending single-sex education only for women is that it returns us to protective legislation and the exclusion of women from free competition.

The more interesting and serious issue remains the possibility that single-sex education produces very real advantages for men—perhaps especially for men from modest to disadvantaged social and economic backgrounds. I first came to understand this aspect of the cases while working on VMI, and was pleased that Judge Jackson Kiser took account of the argument in his decision. These days, The Citadel and VMI no longer qualify as elite institutions in the normal sense. More than half of the parents of entering Citadel cadets earn less than $60,000 a year; more than half of them have not completed college. The entrance requirements for The Citadel include a 2.0 high-school GPA and a combined score of 800 on the SATs. And we are to believe that this is the elite?

To be sure, when Citadel cadets graduate, they are on their way to joining the professional elite if they choose. That is the miracle accomplished by a Citadel education. But to accomplish it, The Citadel subjects its students to a rigorous physical, intellectual, and spiritual training that most American adolescents would regard as punitive. Those who choose to go there, and who withstand the hardships of the first year, will willingly tell you that that is precisely what they came for: to be forced to take control of themselves and their lives. This seems especially to matter to the African-American cadets, more than half of whom come from Charleston high schools. Blacks—including athletes—graduate from The Citadel at the extraordinary rate of 66 per cent in four or five years.

These figures may help to explain why, if we are going to defend single-sex education, we should begin by defending it in the public sector. During the past twenty years or so the proportion of American youth from families that are not in the top income quartile who can afford to attend private colleges has dropped from 1 in 4 to 1 in 19. During the same period the importance of a college education has increased dramatically. The Citadel is still educating sons of its own graduates, but it is also demonstrably educating talented young men who might well end in disaster and despair without it. And in educating them, it provides models of accomplishment and ambition to countless other young men of modest background.

In this perspective, it is worth pondering the irony that, were The Citadel to admit women, it would expand its sexual diversity while reducing its diversity by class and perhaps race. Shannon Faulkner had combined SAT scores of 1,000, which suggests that she might have been admitted rather than, say, Norman Doucet, an African-American from Charleston, who graduated as the top intellectual and military cadet in his class. Lieutenant Doucet had to take the SATs three times to bring his combined score up to 800. One of Shannon's lawyers tried, on that account, to humiliate him on the witness stand, suggesting that maybe he had suspect reasons for being loyal to The Citadel. It goes without saying that if a conservative lawyer tried that disgusting gambit on a black man, or any woman, the media would denounce him as a racist or sexist—and with more than usual rancor. In any case, Lieutenant Doucet had reasons, all right. And I, for one, only wish that more of our students had such reasons to be loyal to the college that educated them.

Don't Laugh—You're Next

THE CLAIMS of social responsibility strongly argue for the defense of single-sex education in the public sphere. The threat of judicial intervention commands it. To put it charitably, they jest who pretend that the admission of Shannon Faulkner to The Citadel would in no way affect Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Hampden Sydney, or Wabash. These days, where the public sphere goes, the private will sooner or later follow. That was the point of Title IX. That will be the point of the Gender Equity in Education Act if it passes. The blow may not fall immediately, but the way will have been cleared. (And those who support historically valuable black colleges must be extraordinarily naïve not to know where the next blow will fall.) And with the demise of single-sex education, diversity of education will go as well. For without diversity of institutions, there can be no educational diversity worth a fig.

This brings me to the problem of Shannon's lawyers' interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment as guaranteeing that *no single individual* may be denied access to any institution on the basis of sex. For the moment we will ignore the small matter that the Supreme Court still treats sex with intermediate scrutiny, not the strict scrutiny with which it treats race. Suppose that

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Shannon were admitted to The Citadel. It follows that The Citadel would no longer be single-sex. And it accordingly follows that the countless individuals who might seek a single-sex education would have nothing left to choose. In permitting Shannon to realize her choice, we reach the point of no return. Suddenly, instead of expanding choice for individuals, we have destroyed it.

As American society becomes ever more centralized and ever more regulated, celebrations of diversity proliferate. Most of our institutions, especially the academy, promote programs to implement and safeguard an ostensible diversity that in fact spells a vicious conformity. And as equality of opportunity has given way to an illusory equality of results, the strains upon institutions abound. I am compelled to remind those of my conservative friends who themselves find radical individualism wonderful of the lesson that the great men of the Old South—from John Randolph of Roanoke to Thomas Roderick Dew to John C. Calhoun and on to General Lee—tried to teach: Radical individualism more often than not ends by producing draconian regimentation. □

In a Smoke-Filled Room

THE WALLACE CASE

Fifty years ago, the fate of the Free World rested in the hands of a bunch of machine pols.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

AMIDST all the World War II anniversaries being celebrated this year, one of the most fateful is likely to be among the least noted: the 50th anniversary of the evening the Democrats chose their 1944 vice-presidential candidate. The events in Normandy starting on June 6 of that year, changed the course of world history, but so did the event in Chicago on July 21.

The incumbent was Henry Wallace, whom FDR had chosen as his running-mate in 1940, dumping his two-term Vice President, John Nance Garner. Mr. Roosevelt had tapped Garner in 1932 under pressure from William Randolph Hearst. By 1940, FDR felt that two terms for Garner had been sufficient payoff for the publisher. But as FDR quickly learned, he had made a terrible mistake.

Wallace was a religious devotee—indeed, something of a holy fool. Born a Presbyterian, he yearned for a more emotional religion. He studied Buddhism, Judaism, Confucianism, Islam, Christian Science, Oriental cults, and merged all these into what he called "pantheism." In the 1930s he became involved with Nicholas Konstantinovich Roerich, a Russian expatriate. Wallace and Roerich began a correspondence, one of whose themes was the belief that—as *Newsweek* put it in 1948, when the letters became public—"somewhere on the mysterious plains of Outer Mongolia could be found signs of the Second Coming of Christ."

The letters, some in longhand, slosh about in a syrupy mysticism. Wallace addressed Roerich as "Dear Guru." Roosevelt was referred to as "The Flaming One," Churchill as "The Roaring Lion," Secretary of State Cordell Hull as "The Sour One," and Russia as "The Tiger." One sentence supplies a taste of the Wallace prose: "Yes, the search, whether it be for the lost world of Masonry or the Holy Chalice or the potentialities of the age to come is the one supremely worthwhile in objective. All else is Karmic duty. Here is life."

Eventually Wallace and Roerich had a falling out. The letters that Wallace had supposedly written (several may have been forgeries) came into the hands of Republican leaders. Having proved the authenticity of several letters through handwriting examination, they decided to use them as campaign ammunition. The Hearst, Scripps-Howard, and Paul Block chains were invited to make these letters public. But before the press could decide whether or not to do so, the Republicans withdrew them. According to *Newsweek*, Harry Hopkins, then managing the New Deal campaign, went to Wendell L. Willkie, the GOP candidate, and told him that if the Wallace correspondence became public, then so would Willkie's private life (he had an ongoing liaison with Irita Van Doren, the editor of the *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*). So the threat to the Democratic ticket was resolved—but Roosevelt never forgot it, nor did Hopkins. (The letters were finally published in a series of columns in March 1948 by Westbrook Pegler, in the *New York Journal-American*.)

So now, in 1941, there's a Vice President Wallace. And he is not merely a holy fool; he is at the very least a Communist sympathizer. For anyone who has studied Wallace's public record there is no question that he had thrown in his political lot with the Comintern *apparat* which operated successfully in Washington, D.C., throughout the war—Alger Hiss, Lauchlin Currie, probably Harry Dexter White. Wallace was their biggest catch.

It is my thesis that Wallace was an unwitting "agent of influence," as the phrase is used today, rather than a conscious participant in a Soviet global master plan. Wallace, however, worked openly with American Communists. A striking example of his loyalty to the *apparat* was his ringing endorsement in 1946 of a New York congressman who consistently followed the Communist line. Vito Marcantonio, said Wallace, "has the best voting record of all 435 members of Congress." In his book, *Soviet Asia Mission* (1946), Wallace described Magadan, in Kolyma (one of the more notorious Gulags), as "a combination TVA and Hudson's Bay Company." Dwight Macdonald wrote at the time, "It is not true that Henry Wallace is an agent of Moscow. But it is true that he behaves like one."

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Even more telling was his choosing to run for President in 1948 on the Progressive Party ticket—a candidacy that could only have hurt Harry Truman's chances. Wallace refused to reject Communist support in that campaign, and, as David McCullough later wrote, the Progressive Party platform "was virtually no different from the Communist Party platform in its denunciation of the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, the new draft law[; it also] called for the destruction of American nuclear weapons, which were still the only nuclear weapons known to exist."

With Hitler's attack on the USSR on June 21, 1941, Wallace became the political hero—here I speak from some personal knowledge—of a trio of influential pro-Soviet manipulators. Two were Communists, Lillian Hellman and her lover, Dashiell Hammett. The third was Ralph Ingersoll, founder, editor, and publisher of the year-old newspaper *PM*, for which I worked. Ingersoll and Miss Hellman had been lovers in an earlier day, and he had probably been a Communist Party member. His authorized biographer, Roy Hoopes, says Ingersoll had attended Communist Party study groups, a standard piece of euphemistic Communist cant.

The Hellman–Hammett–Ingersoll campaign built Wallace up as the "voice" of the common man, whose "century" it would be and for whom the war against fascism and reaction was being fought. In a *PM* editorial, Max Lerner called Wallace "a sort of latterday Lincoln." Raymond Clapper, a liberal columnist, compared Wallace's speeches to the Gettysburg Address.

Imperialism, capitalism, and what Wallace called "Bill of Rights" democracy would be replaced with what Wallace favored, "economic democracy," *à la* Soviet Union. (The phrase "economic democracy"—still in use today by such as Derek Shearer, a longtime friend of President Clinton—is intended to minimize the absence of political democracy.)

As 1944 approached, the Democratic leaders became more and more worried about the Vice President. The first sign that Wallace was in serious trouble came on January 10, 1944, when Robert E. Hannegan was chosen to run Mr. Roosevelt's campaign. Hannegan had received his first major patronage plum, collector of Internal Revenue at St. Louis, at the recommendation of Senators Harry S. Truman and Bennett C. Clark. The next tipoff came a month later when *PM* headlined a White House press conference, "FDR Laughs / Off Queries / About Wallace. / Refuses to Discuss Vice-Presidential Race."

In late spring of 1944, when all looked dark for Wallace, John P. Lewis, *PM*'s managing editor, said to me: "We've got to do all we can to get Wallace renominated."

"But," I said, "I remember when you and Ingersoll got mad at him because he kept *PM* at arm's length and gave Clapper exclusives and you called him a goddam sonofabitch."

"Yes," said Lewis, "but now he's our sonofabitch."

"It's the usual promise to cut taxes."

Rhetor of the Revolution

MY INVOLVEMENT in the Wallace buildup was unintended on my part. On May 8, 1942, Wallace addressed a dinner of the Free World Association at New York's Hotel Commodore. This was "the century of the common man" speech, with all that high-flying prophetic prose about the People's Revolution to come. I was given the Wallace speech text and told to write a short news story. I read the speech hunting for a news lead and found it.

Just a few weeks earlier, *PM* had put on page one a dispatch from a pre-eminent war correspondent, H. R. Knickerbocker, warning that if Australia fell to the Japanese, Alaska would be threatened next. So when Wallace said, "We may be sure that Hitler and Japan will cooperate to do the unexpected—perhaps an attack by Japan against Alaska and our Northwest coast," I had my lead.

The city editor, Elmer Roessner, thought it was fine, too, but we were both wrong. Just before deadline, Ingersoll phoned Roessner to inquire how *PM* was handling the Wallace speech. Roessner glowingly described the big play we would be giving Wallace's warning about the possibility of a Japanese invasion of Alaska. Nothing doing, says Ingersoll. My story was spiked in favor of a new story emphasizing the visionary message of the Wallace speech. Ingersoll tore the paper apart to make room for the speech text. Having noted the next day that most newspapers had either ignored the speech or downplayed it (the *New York Times* had put it on page 3), Ingersoll telegraphed major U.S. publishers challenging them to explain their decision.

Later I learned that Ingersoll had had his usual evening out at the Stork Club, where people like J. Edgar Hoover, Walter Winchell, and assorted stars of stage and screen regularly assembled—as did Ingersoll, Hellman, and Hammett. There the idea was handed to Ingersoll that Wallace should be built up as FDR's successor.

Comments praising the Wallace speech were solicited by *PM*. Among the eminentos who spoke respectfully were New York Lieutenant Governor

(Continues on page 68)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

July 12, 1994

Dear Rusty,

I know that you get your news a bit late down there on the Orinoco tributaries, but just so you know, for right now—Tuesday, July 12, 1994—our Haiti policy is that we're no longer processing refugees at sea. It got to be cumbersome and frankly, a bit expensive. Instead, we're sending 4,000 Marines, an attack-chopper wing, four com-support vessels, and one aircraft carrier. "That'll make your point," said Dad when I called him up a few minutes ago.

"Darn right, Dad," I said.

"Which is what, exactly?" asked Dad slowly. I could hear the faint noise of ice tinkling in a high-ball glass. Uh-oh, I thought.

"I mean, son, near as I can tell," he went on, "what you've got down that way is a big rock with a lot of voodoo goings-on."

"That's an oversimplification, sir."

"Damn right."

"We're trying to restore democracy in a small, oppressed nation. And you know, that's a pretty volatile region. Dad, if Haiti goes the way of military dictatorship, what about all those other little countries in the area?"

"That line of thinking works on President Hot Pants? It didn't in 1969."

"Dad . . ."

"Yeah, yeah. I know. I won't keep you, son. Give my best to Tipper."

What can I say, Rusty? Dad and I have a complicated relationship. I may have to taper off the amount of time I spend seeking his advice.

The good news is that our new Chief of Staff, Leon Panetta, is really taking charge. I was still on the Ellipse, waving goodbye to Bill, HRC, Uncle Lloyd (Bentsen, not Cutler), "Chris" Christopher, and Dr. Gergen as they flew off to Latvia when I turned to say something to Leon, and would you believe it? The little guy was walking very, very fast back to the West Wing. He and George Stephanopoulos were walking briskly side by side, then George started walking faster, so Leon picked up his pace, then George started to do a kind of running-walking, and pretty soon they were both sprinting up the hill and into the White House.

By the time I walked into the Oval Office, Leon was all settled in. The room had been totally rearranged. He had removed the couch and one of the two armchairs. The sole remaining armchair faced the President's desk, and a bright spotlight shone directly on it. Leon left the President's desk untouched, and the credenza behind it still had the same photographs, and the small deep-fryer. But behind the President's desk there were two chairs.

"What do you think?" Leon asked. "Jim Baker suggested taking out the chair and putting a giant egg-timer on the side wall there, but I think that might be taking it too far."

George Stephanopoulos skulked in the doorway.

"Glad you dropped by, George," Leon boomed. "But don't ever do it again. You want to see the man, you make an appointment to see me first."

"You're going to take away my office, aren't you?" George asked.

"Nope," Leon answered breezily. "I like this one. Better access." George went very pale. "Get some sleep, young man. Big staff meeting tomorrow. I want a 1,000-word essay from each staffer entitled 'Why I Should Not Be Fired' on my desk in the morning. At nine we meet. Spread the word."

George shrugged. "I'll go tell Dee Dee," he said.

"Who?" Leon asked.

"Dee Dee Myers," George snapped. "Press Secretary."

Leon leaned forward and smiled, menacingly. "I don't mean 'Who?' as in 'I forget who she is.' I mean 'Who?' as in 'Whoever she is, she won't be for long.' Get me?"

George hustled out. Leon turned to me and grinned. "You've got that whole Article II, Section 1, of the Constitution thing working for you, Al, or I'd ask you to write one of those essays yourself." Then he sauntered behind the President's desk, took his seat in the chair next to the President's chair, and leaned back. "Yes sir," he said, "things'll be different now that I'm around."

He looked so happy there, Rusty. I didn't have the heart to tell him that when Bill moved Mark Gearan to the press office, Mark had said the same thing. And when Strobe Talbott was promoted to Deputy Secretary of State, he had said the same thing. And when George Stephanopoulos was moved from the press office to policy, he had said the same thing. And when Dr. Gergen came in from the outside, he had said the same thing. And when Lloyd Cutler joined up, he had said the same thing.

I think maybe Leon is right, though. But then, as you know, I'm an optimist. I still think we can save the Rain Forest.

Your pal, Al

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When Mother Meets Son

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

AS A COLLEGE student once I had a conversation of the type where the boyfriend tries to convince his girlfriend that even if, despite all precautions, she did get pregnant, everything would still be fine. "We'll just put the baby up for adoption," I said. When she countered that she could hardly imagine putting her own baby up for adoption, for a moment I could think of nothing to say. To me, adoption seemed the perfect, obvious, easy solution to undesired pregnancy. "After all," I reminded her, "I was adopted, and look how well things turned out."

Roman Genn

I've thought of that conversation more than once lately as Americans have debated the merits of adoption—is it a cruel and unusual practice?—and for another, personal reason. About the same time as the recent cohort of celebrity adoptees (Jessica DeBoer, and the girl who wanted to divorce her biological parents, and Joel Rifkin, the serial killer) came to inhabit the front page, as President Clinton's long-lost half-relatives began piping up around the country, as Mr. Rifkin's attorney hit on the idea of an insanity defense based on "adopted-child syndrome," and as a new book by adoption expert Betty Jean Lifton, *Journey of the Adopted Self* (Basic), floated the notion of "cumulative adoption trauma," I had decided to find my birth mother.

Mine had been a "private" adoption, meaning that my parents, Paul and Carol Klinghoffer, had met and been interviewed by the woman, named Harriet, who was at the time three months pregnant with me. Twenty-eight years later, with unexpected ease, I found Harriet. She lives with her husband, Don, in a suburb of San Diego. The night we first spoke, by telephone, she explained it all.

She had arrived in Los Angeles in 1964, 26 years old, from Sweden, her native land. A man called George, a decade older than Harriet, had arrived in the city the same year, from Kansas. The supervisor of a group of private workshops which trained "retardates" (as mentally retarded people were called then) to perform menial jobs, George hired Harriet as a social worker at a workshop in Gardena. They dated, and accidentally procreated. When George made it known that he would have nothing further to do with Harriet now that she was pregnant, she immediately decided on adoption. She picked my future parents, who lived in Palos Verdes, a suburb of Los Angeles. The adoption was transacted. And 28 years later I went searching for Harriet.

Easy, Right?

I won't oppress you with the details of my search and its many detours (DMV, INS, Swedish Consulate, dozens of endless recorded messages on government answering machines), but will skip to the point. When I spoke to Harriet that first night, she sounded almost frightened. It had been a recurring daydream, she said, that I would appear at her door one day. It had been a recurring terror, though, that I would walk through that door and demand an answer: "Mother, why did you desert me?"

After my birth, Harriet had slipped quietly back to Stockholm: in those days, births to unwed mothers were seen as problematic and definitely not as subject matter for season-finale TV-sitcom specials. Back home, her mother wanted to know, "Harriet, how could you desert your son?" A year after fleeing Los Angeles, Harriet returned, fleeing her mother. She found a new job and married Don, with whom she moved to Fresno, a town in central California. They stayed there until 1986, when they transplanted to San Diego. They never had children of their own. Harriet knew my name, and in those 28 years hardly a day had gone by, she told me now, when she didn't worry about what had become of me. The question became an obsession, reflected in the jobs she sought out.

When she got back to Los Angeles, Harriet found work interviewing volunteers for Big Brothers. This involved looking out for men who said they wanted to befriend little boys without fathers, but who really had other, more sinister motives. In Fresno she again worked for Big Brothers for a while, then as an inspector of foster homes for retarded children. In San Diego she got a job with a city agency devoted to rooting out child abuse. When the cops would storm the house of a suspected abuser, Harriet would follow them in, looking for the kids, to whom she would offer ice cream and safety.

In her professional life, Harriet must surely have helped save hundreds, even thousands of children. But in her personal life, she could not forget the one child to whose future she felt she had not attended. For years she would wake up in the middle of the night with a dismal feeling floating above her head. In the morning, as she set her feet on the floor, she would sense the weight of guilt she carried with her.

It is often assumed that mothers who have given up their children simply go about their business as they did before. "We'll just put the baby up for adoption," I had told my girlfriend. Anyone who takes this view will likely agree with those proponents of abortion rights who compare the developing fetus to some inessential organ, like the tonsils: once it's gone, you can just forget all about it.

Mr. Klinghoffer is NR*'s literary editor.*

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I myself held that view of adoption, even as my plane from New York touched down at LAX, and as I was driving down Interstate 5 toward San Diego and my first meeting with Harriet.

As a newborn, I am told, I was instantly removed from the delivery room. I never saw Harriet's face. So on the day we met the only information I, as a conscious human being, had about her was what I had heard from her on the phone, and what I knew about her appearance from the large number of photographs we had traded before my trip to California.

There was, moreover, much to separate us. Strangers, we shared nothing but half a set of DNA. Also, she is a foreigner. I am a native Californian. Since moving to America, she had lived mainly in provincial cities: Fresno, an overbuilt agricultural town, and outermost suburban San Diego, where at night you can hear coyotes chase and eat wayward house pets. I graduated from an Ivy League college and live in Manhattan.

Most mystifying to her was my religion. Harriet had been baptized a Lutheran, but had received no religious training at all. In her family history was a Jewish great-grandfather, on her mother's side, named Goldkuhl. This did not help her understand the choice I had made. Raised in a Reform Jewish home, I had embraced Orthodox Judaism. (For an explanation, see my article in the October 1993 *Commentary*, "My Jewish Roots.") Because Jewish identity is conveyed matrilineally and because I knew my natural mother was gentile, four years ago I underwent a formal Orthodox conversion to Judaism. In choosing parents for me, Harriet had told me, she sought out Jews. But she had never met a man with a yarmulke before.

WHICH IS to say, the biographical details did not predict instant bonding. I will not say, either, that the most powerful feeling between us sprang up the minute I entered her and Don's split-level ranch-style home. But over two weeks I visited Harriet four times, and each time returned to tell friends about her in spiralingly enthusiastic terms. In the photographs I had seen of her as a young woman, she looked like a blonde Audrey Hepburn. At 55 she was still lovely, with a smile that had turned cherubic. The kindness of that smile, it seemed to me, was no less than the reflection of her soul. The shape of her mouth, like her eyes, reminded me of my own face.

Then there were the charming, small hand gestures, as if she held the reins of a tiny horse, and was urging it on. There was the nasal voice, like my own, with its slight, endearing Scandinavian lilt. There was the touching eagerness to understand and sympathize with all the surprising crotchets I, her son, came equipped with. On the phone, I sputteringly tried to communicate all this to a friend in New York. "You're in love with your mother," he said. Well, aren't all boys?

Wanting to explain what it was that made her feel so guilty about her decision to give me up, Harriet had said about adoption, "It's so unnatural." What struck me about our meetings, though, was the *super*natural quality of the almost instant relationship we had developed.

Your psychoanalyst will tell you all about the love between a mother and her son, a love which needs to be redirected if the child is to grow up normal. But that love is a result of physical proximity. My unconscious, on the other hand, never had a chance to fasten itself to Harriet. So what was I doing, at age 28, fastening onto this 55-year-old woman, this stranger? It was supernatural.

Perhaps a qualified professional in prenatal psychology will correct me on this. Maybe I heard Harriet's voice from the womb, preserved it on some inner tape recorder, and so, at a level below conscious awareness, recognized her the moment I picked up the phone that first time. To me that explanation strains credulity in a way the supernatural one does not. It was as if my soul had sleeping within it a need to be connected to her soul. That need could be awakened, or, like a person whose alarm clock has failed to go off, it could go on sleeping.

On my second visit with her and Don, Harriet discussed the odd fact that, at the same time we were having our reunion, everyone in America seemed to be talking about adoption. "I don't believe in adoption any more," she said now. "After what happened to me, I don't believe in it. There has got to be another solution. Maybe Norplant."

She didn't mean, she assured me, that she regretted giving birth to me; but still she felt that the souls of mother and child simply were not to be separated. I tried to disagree with her, but the familiar arguments for adoption came to me weakly.

A FEW DAYS later, on my last visit, we were sitting on the whitewashed wall of a planter outside the old Mission San Diego de Alcala, a few miles west of Harriet's house. She had prepared a picnic, neatly arranged in a little red Igloo cooler. (Even this charmed me: I have always liked the idea of a small container—a suitcase, cigar box, shoebox—carefully filled with small items.) We were talking about her cancer.

In all the calls and letters we had exchanged, Harriet hadn't mentioned that this past winter she had discovered a centimeter-wide lump in her breast, that it had been removed, and that she was currently receiving chemotherapy. She revealed this bit of medical history the day after I arrived in California. Her prognosis, when her doctor finally gave it to her, had been as good as you could hope. But sitting outside the mission, we were talking about the weeks before she had received her prognosis.

Some months after finding the lump, she had a biopsy performed. A week and a half went by, then the doctor called, asking her to visit him at his office. Something about cancer was mentioned, but nothing about the relative hopefulness of her situation. "For two days," Harriet said, "I really thought I would die. I was so scared. And then that night, you called!"

We agreed that this was an interesting coincidence. "It was like you had come to rescue me," she said.

Yet as I thought about it at that moment, "interesting" came to seem not quite the right word. I asked her again for the dates involved. The biopsy had taken place May 18. This, I remembered instantly, was the day after I had suddenly decided to go looking for Harriet. I had had a dream one night, in which someone had shown me what purported to be (but really were not) photographs of my biological parents. A couple of days later, on the afternoon of May 17, I resolved to find Harriet. Something about the dream had made me think she needed rescuing: perhaps from loneliness, maybe a bad marriage. Cancer had not

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occurred to me, but suddenly the hard-to-explain timing of my precipitate decision made sense.

When I feel that something momentous has happened to me, either to my body or in my mind, I am likely to start shivering across my chest and upper arms. Now, I do not usually go in for hocus-pocus, but in the warm Southern California air, I was shivering. Maybe it was the coffee we had drunk.

Let me say again: I have usually scoffed at hocus-pocus. But the more I shivered, the more I thought. And the more I thought about the circumstances of our parting in 1965, of our subsequent meeting now, and of what had happened in between, the stranger it all seemed. One question occurred to me with particular force: Why *did* Harriet insist on Jewish parents?

We had talked about this before, but she had never been able to supply a compelling explanation. Why not, more logically, Swedish-Americans? What a bizarre choice that was for a woman with such a tenuous connection to Jews. The Goldkuhl family long ago secularized, married Lutheran women, and merged with Stockholm's gentile middle class. Harriet never met her Jewish great-grandfather, a physician. All that is left of him is an antique brass plunger designed to flush the ears with water. It sits next to me on my desk, a paperweight. The ripples in the pool marking the place where the Goldkuhls last were seen as Jews before sinking below the surface of history, disappeared before Harriet was born.

I would say the Goldkuhls made a mistake in assimilating the way they did. But that is rather odd, too: that I, born a gentile and hardly driven to Orthodoxy by my Reform Jewish parents, should choose to take on the faith the Goldkuhls surely felt relief in abandoning. Back at the mission, the intensity of my shivering ticked up a notch. This was hocus-pocus too real to brush off. It came to me—here, in the shadow of a cross commemorating a Spanish priest murdered by Indians—that Harriet hadn't chosen Jewish parents for me. Somehow Harriet *had been chosen*, compelled, without her knowing it, to find my Jewish parents. I, and she through me, would then correct the mistake the Goldkuhls had made.

ON the radio, as I write, the Rolling Stones sing, "I will come to your emotional rescue."

Events happen in our lives for reasons we are not aware of at the time they happen. Was my adoption and our reunion 28 years later intended to work out the way it did so that I could rescue Harriet from cancer? So that Harriet, having chosen the life I would enter, could see how she had rescued the seed of her great-grandfather from Jewish oblivion? I wouldn't blame you if you scoffed at hocus-pocus of such magnitude.

When I spoke to Harriet the other night, she had been reading a book about Judaism and had some questions. "Now, Moses had three sons, and Abraham was one of them, is that right?" Not exactly.

Abraham, I told her, was the first Jew. In his old age he and his wife had a child, named Isaac. When Isaac was a young man, God asked Abraham to take Isaac and sacrifice him on a mountaintop. Abraham grieved, much as Harriet had. An old man with an old wife, he would never have another child. There would be no more Jews after him, it seemed. But he knew something important was at stake, even if he did not know what. So he took his son and laid him out on a rock. The knife was in his hand. At that moment an angel appeared. The angel told Abraham that, because he had done right, the sacrifice was canceled. The father got his son back.

It is part of the bargain of adoption that Harriet had no angel to tell her that she had done right, that her decision would have consequences for the good which she could hardly anticipate.

Is adoption cruel, to birth mothers in particular? About the suffering of women like Harriet, I would say now that it should not be blamed on adoption itself. It is, rather, due to the failure by others to affirm the importance and goodness of what these mothers have done for their children. Harriet did not understand what she had done right. A Swedish friend of hers in Los Angeles became pregnant about the same time Harriet did. The friend went back to Sweden and hired an abortionist. Harriet, unaccountably, could not bring herself to do the same. So she grieved for 28 years. Then she got her son back. □

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King Saul

MORDECAI RICHLER

HE HAS been heaped with honors. Justifiably so. Now, at the age of 78, Saul Bellow is being circled by intellectual picadors, intent on lowering the old bull's head, making him bleed. Alfred Kazin, writing in *The New Yorker*, has accused him of being a "university intellectual," this child of the Depression and Marxism now moving in the company of "conservative Big Thinkers at the University of Chicago." Hilton Kramer, pronouncing in *Commentary*, has adjudged him still one of "that dwindling remnant of homeless liberals," his most recent work disappointing, as a consequence of his "acquiring the smug and apodictic tone of a writer whose celebrity was now a refuge from experience and a barrier to any direct engagement with the world."

Michael Jackson is a celebrity. So is Oprah Winfrey. But Saul Bellow's fame, let me hastily point out, does not extend even as far as Montreal's old working-class Jewish quarter, where he spent his early childhood. Recently I had lunch at Moishe's steakhouse on Boulevard St-Laurent, or the Main, as we always called it. A waiter came over to chat about the old days, when we had all lived in the neighborhood. "Remember Syd Horowitz?" he asked.

"I don't think so."

"Sure you do," said the man at the next table. It was Marty Hoffman,

It All Adds Up: From the Dim Past to the Uncertain Future, by Saul Bellow (Viking, 327 pp., $23.95)

Baron Byng High, Class of '48. "Horowitz was with the 'Y' basketball team the year they took it all."

"He came in here yesterday with his new wife," said the waiter, "a shiksa, maybe 25 years old, and he was wearing a rug. Excuse me."

Marty wanted to know if I remembered Shloime Schneiderman.

"I'm afraid not."

"He calls himself Cy Taylor now."

Mr. Richler's new book, This Year in Jerusalem, *will be published in September by Knopf.*

The waiter returned, with more names: Moish Bercovitch, who was doing time. Phil Gold, a credit to us.

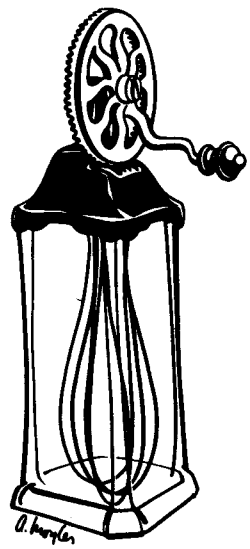
Foolishly, I tried to trump that last name. "Do you know who used to live right around the corner from here on Napoleon Street?"

"Sure. The Kushners. They were in footwear. Retail."

"Saul Bellow," I said. "Right around the corner from here."

"Bellow?" the waiter asked, puzzled. "What was his father in?"

Mr. Bellow has been accused of being a misogynist. And now he has been branded a racist by Brent Staples, a young black journalist on the editorial board of the *New York Times.* The blacks portrayed in *Humboldt's Gift*, he wrote, were unfailingly "sinister" and, in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, given to gratuitous violence. In a singularly nasty description, Mr. Staples, who once caught a glimpse of Mr. Bellow in broad daylight, ventures that possibly the Nobel laureate has become a dirty old man: "He moved through the crowd looking downward, hungrily scanning hips, crotches, and legs. This was how he did it. The rest of us were a junkyard where he foraged for parts."



Most recently Mr. Bellow got into hot water for remarking to a journalist in passing, "Who is the Tolstoi of the Zulus? The Proust of the Papuans?" While he was at it, he might have added, "And where is the Canadian Mozart?" Mind you, he couldn't have tossed that out with impunity either. It would only have added to his charge sheet, certifying him as an American cultural imperialist.

Hilton Kramer made a valid point in *Commentary* when he argued that a sadly defensive Mr. Bellow waffled in his *New York Times* op-ed response to the kerfuffle created by his off-the-cuff remarks about Zulus and Papuans. Mr. Bellow refers to his zinger as "alleged" before he owns up to it, saying that he was merely trying to make a "distinction between literate and pre-literate societies." Then, making nice, he added, "Preliterate societies have their own kinds of wisdom, no doubt, and primitive Papuans probably have a better grasp of their myths than most educated Americans have of their own literature." But in the end the major novelist so many of us cherish did not fail us in his op-ed piece. "Righteousness and rage threaten the independence of our souls," he wrote. Then, without actually naming the odious and increasingly menacing Louis Farrakhan, he went on to say, "The rage of rappers and rioters takes as its premise the majority's admission of guilt for past and present injustices, and counts on the admiration of the repressed for the emotional power of the uninhibited and 'justly' angry. Rage can also be manipulative; it can be an instrument of censorship and despotism."

Elaborating on this theme in an interview with a *New Yorker* "Talk of the Town" reporter, he said, "PC is really a serious threat to political health, because where there is free speech without any debate what you have is a corruption of free speech, which very quickly becomes demagogy. People in general in this country have lost the habit of debating questions. TV does it for them."

It All Adds Up: From the Dim Past to the Uncertain Future is Saul Bellow's first collection of what Philip Larkin once dubbed Required Writing. It's a compelling grab-bag of nonfiction pieces by a novelist who is also a wise man, which does not necessarily follow. Okay, a grumpy, somewhat mournful wise man, but the author of *The Victim*, *Seize the Day*, and *Herzog*—to borrow from the current vernacular—is entitled. Mr. Bellow's collection is made up of memoirs, essays, lectures, complaints, an interview with himself, and farewells to contemporaries—". . . trifles I wrote to support myself," he notes in the introduction.

What is astonishing about this collection, in the first place, is Mr. Bellow's stubborn, touchingly mistaken belief that he is still addressing a lit-

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erate rather than today's largely postliterate audience. Bellow, who sprang to manhood (or should I say, mindful of contemporary manners, personhood?) in a more cultured and civil time, makes the risky assumption that there is still a sizable community of voracious readers out there who have absorbed, not only Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky, Stendhal, and Balzac, but also Wyndham Lewis, Herzen, Trotsky, Nietzsche, Marx, Ruskin, and Ortega y Gasset, among others. He makes no concessions to illiteracy, dropping French aphorisms here and there and condescending to translate only one of them. (Interestingly, Hilton Kramer, or his *Commentary* editor, was more realistic. Mr. Kramer's quotation of Mr. Bellow's use of "*On ne donne rien si libéralement que ses conseils*," is immediately followed in parentheses by "One is never so generous as with advice.")

In his essay on Mozart, a celebration of the mysteries of genius, Mr. Bellow rebukes Edmund Wilson for writing, in 1931, that in the Soviet Union he felt that he was "at the moral top of the world, where the light never really goes out," but he also admits to dissatisfaction in rereading some of his own earlier judgments, because of radical changes in his point of view. Bellow, who was a Trotskyist in 1933 ("How could I forget that Trotsky had created the Red Army?" he writes), now describes himself as "some sort of liberal, but I don't know where liberalism has gone in this country in the last twenty years." He was in Mexico in 1940 and had arranged to meet Trotsky in Coyoacán. Alas, we have been deprived of a record of that meeting, because Mr. Bellow's appointment turned out to be set for the very day that Trotsky was assassinated.

In "Facts That Put Fancy to Flight," Mr. Bellow, taking the novel's faltering pulse, bemoans today's terrible insistence on factual accuracy. "How many stories does the Ansonia Hotel really have, and can one see its television antenna from the corner of West End Avenue and 72nd Street? What do drugstores charge for Librium?" The movies, he justifiably observes, have already got the wrong end of the stick. Producers consult archaeologists in the making of Roman spectaculars. "As long as the chariots are faithful copies . . . it seems to make little difference that the dialogue makes you clutch your head." While he salutes Mark Twain's knowledge of navigation and "the descriptions of process" in Hemingway's fishing stories, he fears that in "the U.S.A., today, the facts appear to have it all over the imagination," and that the American desire for the real "has created a journalistic sort of novel, which has a *thing* excitement, a glamor of *process*; it specializes in information." True; but James Joyce, in exile, wrote home to determine the exact placement of a tree on St. Stephen's Green.

Mr. Bellow is absolutely right to insist that "in every case it is the writer's excitement that counts," but unfortunately the mundane facts are also necessary. Auden understood that. In his astute poem "The Novelist," he wrote that the poet "can amaze us like a thunderstorm," but the novelist must "learn to be plain and awkward."

For to achieve his lightest wish, he must
Become the whole of boredom, subject to

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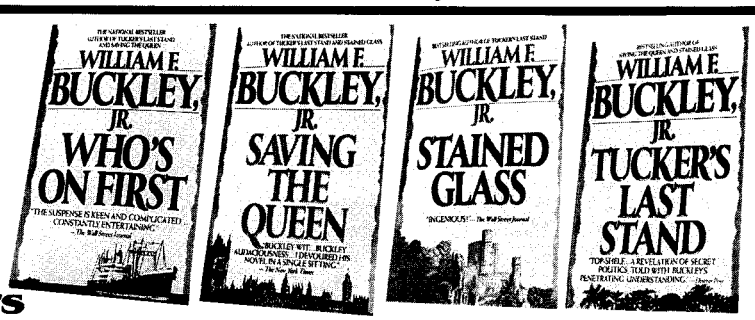

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Vulgar complaints like love, among the Just
Be just, among the Filthy filthy too . . .

Happily, Mr. Bellow is convinced that the teaching of literature in the universities has been a disaster, the instructors "interpreting" masterpieces, explaining what Ahab's harpoon symbolizes, but instilling no passion for novels or poetry. "What people learn is how to conduct a cultured conversation for a few minutes without betraying ignorance or stupidity."

Mr. Bellow, a big cultural fisherman, casts his line both high and low, covering all the water, reeling in not only Tolstoi and Mozart, but also Chicago's Yellow Kid Weil, Bathhouse John Coughlin, and Facts-and-Figures Taylor. Far from regarding the rest of us as a junkyard where he forages for parts, he has, to my mind, always approached his world with wonder, morally informed appetite, and a sense of irony, providing the excitement that counts in abundance, and celebrating what is enduringly beautiful in the human spirit. Osip Mandelstam, he notes (actually quoting the murdered poet's widow, Nadezhda), always carried a pocket edition of *The Divine Comedy* with him, "just in case he was arrested not at home but in the street."

Chicago belongs to Mr. Bellow now and forever, as surely as Yoknapatawpha County does to Faulkner or nineteenth-century London to Dickens. It should come as no surprise, then, that a couple of the most enjoyable pieces in *It All Adds Up* are memoirs of Chicago. His prodigious gifts as a novelist beyond dispute, Mr. Bellow turns out to be a first-rate reporter as well. His collection is enriched by splendid accounts of Paris circa 1948, a journey through Franco's Spain, and reports from Tel Aviv and the Sinai in the aftermath of the Six-Day War.

In his introduction, Mr. Bellow, acknowledging gaffes of the past, expresses the hope that he has entered into an era of improved errors. An iffy case is his 1993 pronouncement that "Russia is perhaps done with tyranny and privation. If it develops a free market and becomes a union of commercial republics, it will have to do as we have been doing all along." For the rest, I can only clap hands for his complaints. He mourns America's urban devastation: "The disappearance of a genial street life from American cities; the dank and oppressing odors of cultural mildew rising from the giant suburbs . . . the shift of bohemia from the slums to the universities." He is against subsidized day-care, which entitles toddlers to be brought up in pens, like piglets, so that their parents may be free to pursue their careers. Contemporary jargon—say, the prevalence of such words as "consensus," "role model," "entitlement," "quality time," "marginalized"—appalls him; and to this list I would add, "the cutting edge." Although, like the rest of us, he still needs his daily news fix, he finds the world of "telegrams and anger" too much with us. "Increasingly, I find myself agreeing with Vladimir Nabokov. A work of art, Nabokov argued, detaches you from the world of common travail and leads you into another world altogether. It carries you into a realm of aesthetic bliss. Can there be anything more desirable than aesthetic bliss?"

It All Adds Up can be read as a thoughtful, provocative, and only occasionally querulous addendum to the work of a novelist who has given us more aesthetic bliss than most. □

Inside Jobs

FRANK GANNON

A LOOK at the *New York Times* best-seller list shows two books with "Inside the White House" in their titles. These are, of course, very different books, as different as the two White Houses they take you "Inside."

Imagine this headline in the *Washington Post*: "CLINTON REPLACES ENTIRE WHITE HOUSE STAFF WITH THE CAST OF LES MISERABLES!" To judge by Bob Woodward, Bill Clinton might want to think about it.

Mr. Woodward is, of course, our modern-day Invisible Man. This fellow has the ability to completely shut off whatever it is in one's body that causes it to reflect light on the visible spectrum. A few years ago (in *Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA, 1981–1987*) he slipped past a bunch of FBI agents posted outside William Casey's hospital room. Then he reappeared, went over to Casey, who was not far from death, and asked him a whole bunch of questions. Casey momentarily perked up and answered these questions.

As my son would say, Cha. And Snoop Doggy Dogg's next CD will be *My Gershwin*.

This time out, Bob Woodward does not strain our credulity quite as hard, and does manage to create a fairly credible picture of President Clinton at work. It's not a pretty picture. Mr. Clinton has a tendency to vacillate, although as with Hamlet, his hesitancy to act in a forceful, direct manner is a result of thinking too much. Here's where Hillary Clinton comes in. Mr. Woodward looks inside her and tells us what she's thinking: "The burden of carrying out the Administration policies was too much on her husband, she felt. . . . Too many senior people in the Administration and on the staff were stopping short of full preparation. The President invited this slacking off in some ways . . . lots of them would just take problems to him in midstream, knowing he would have thought about it and would have ideas and questions they might have considered." Here are more of the First Lady's thoughts about her husband (another interior monologue unearthed by the extraordinary Mr. Woodward!): "Bill was such a complex person. Nobody had described the whole man. People kept trying to chop him into little pieces. It couldn't be done, she knew. . . . Yes, Bill confused

The Haldeman Diaries: Inside the Nixon White House, by H. R. Haldeman, with an introduction and afterword by Stephen E. Ambrose (Putnam, 698 pp., $27.50)

The Agenda: Inside the Clinton White House, by Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., $24)

Mr. Gannon's latest book is All About Man. *He writes frequently for* The New Yorker *and* The New York Times Magazine.

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people, she thought. His style created dissonance."

At least, when things are going bad, Mr. Clinton can always scream at poor George Stephanopoulos. As Mr. Woodward tells us: "[Mr. Stephanopoulos] sometimes thought his primary function was to get yelled at first thing in the morning, to bear the brunt of Clinton's anger, to take the punches." We learn that Mr. Clinton's staff has little names for the boss's tirades: "purple fits," "earthquakes." Mr. Stephanopoulos, a veteran of many verbal assaults, calls them "the wave," a name that accurately describes the phenomenon as Mr. Woodward presents it: Mr. Clinton tries to do too much, he doesn't delegate well, he gets bad news, he yells at Mr. Stephanopoulos.

By the time I got to the end of *The Agenda*, I felt that I had spent a lot of time with a lot of people who are seriously conflicted and confused. Things are so chaotic in the Clinton White House that it is rather remarkable they get anything done at all. (Indeed, a better title for the book would have been Mr. Stephanopoulos's term, *The Wave*.) This quality of chaos seems to create a mood where everybody who works in the Clinton White House can't wait to spill his guts to Bob Woodward.

The recently published *Haldeman Diaries* is, meanwhile, what historians call a primary source. The late H. R. "Bob" Haldeman was a man committed to organizing the Nixon White House, and his diaries are a testament to how hard he worked at his job.

Unfortunately (I think), his diaries reveal a man who sees himself as an extension of the will of Richard Nixon. Haldeman's portrayal of Nixon is very candid. We see Nixon vindictively going after whomever he perceived as enemies. At one time or another, Nixon used the IRS, the press, the TV networks, and the office of the Presidency itself to punish that familiar cast of enemies: the Kennedy family, intellectuals, liberals, bureaucrats, etc. Much has been made of the President's alleged anti-Semitism. However, in the *Haldeman Diaries* we see that the man Haldeman calls "the P" is, in times of stress, virtually anti-everybody-who-is-not-named-Richard-Milhous-Nixon. Calling Richard Nixon anti-Semitic is like calling Jonathan Swift anti-English. Maybe the accusation is true, but why stop there?

However, we also see Nixon as a very hard-working President who was, for a time, enamored of the theories of White House physician Walter Tkach, who felt that it was possible to eliminate sleeping completely and work 24 hours a day. It might have been Haldeman's similar attitude toward work that formed the very strong bond between him and the President. For whatever reason, Haldeman certainly had more power than any chief of staff before or since. Nixon called Haldeman his "lord high executioner." Haldeman repaid Nixon's faith in him with an absolutely unwavering loyalty.

I couldn't help speculating what Bob Woodward would have made of the *Haldeman Diaries*. In his hands, *The Nixon Agenda* might have gone something like this:

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1971

Haldeman sat at his desk and speculated. Why isn't Nixon checking in with me? Sure, he started working on the normal day's schedule in the morning, but he wanted the afternoon free. Haldeman knew that he shouldn't read too much into this. He knew that it was a mistake to assume anything with Nixon. Yet, he felt, deep in his heart, that something was going wrong. Aloofness? A certain air of detachment? Perhaps. Nixon was such a complex man. No one could say with any degree of certainty what exactly was on his mind. What was on his mind? It turned out that Haldeman was about to find out.

"Goddam it," said Nixon, "I'm unhappy."

"I'll try to help," said Haldeman. Nixon got to his feet. He was seething.

"Where's George Stephanopoulos?" he demanded. "I need to yell at him."

The reader of the *Haldeman Diaries*, of course, knows something the writer didn't: how all this is going to end. When the "Watergate thing" finally appears, in the last hundred pages or so, a subtle change comes over Haldeman's entries. He starts slipping into a tone of resignation and weariness. "Another all-Watergate day, as they all tend to be now," he writes in the entry for April 16, 1973. Finally "the P" decides to get rid of Haldeman. His last entry achieves a genuine poignancy: "[Nixon] called again about midnight, rather bitter. Said Kissinger's reaction is typical, he's waiting to see how it comes out. Said again, keep the faith, and that was that."

The Bob Haldeman that emerges from these pages is intelligent, meticulous, focused, loyal, and hardworking. If he were still around, the Bill Clinton that emerges from *The Agenda* could certainly use him. □

Murther Cannot Be Hid

LINDA BRIDGES

ON MAY 30, 1593, Christopher Marlowe was killed in the port town of Deptford, a few miles downriver of London. He was stabbed through the eye by a certain Ingram Frizer in a dispute (so said Frizer and the two other men present, Robert Poley and Nicholas Skeres) over "the reckoning"—the bill for the day's entertainment. Frizer was eventually acquitted on grounds of self-defense.

The case caused an enormous stir —even though sudden death was scarcely rare in London that plague year—because of the dead man's high stature and dubious character. At the age of 29, he had already been a wildly popular playwright for six years. (From our vantage point four hundred years later, we can say that, while he can't be compared to his co-eval, Shakespeare, for dramatic texture or subtlety of characterization, he wrote lines, speeches, whole pages of poetry that are imperishable.) He also lived dangerously: he was a member of Sir Walter Ralegh's circle, which had the reputation of skepticism and outright atheism; and he was quoted as saying things like, "All they who love not tobacco and boys are fools."

The Reckoning: The Murder of Christopher Marlowe, by Charles Nicholl (Harcourt, Brace, 413 pp., $24.95)

Miss Bridges is NR*'s managing editor and co-author of* The Art of Persuasion *(National Review Books).*

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Whether he said this, and, if so, whether because he believed it or merely to shock, are questions that Charles Nicholl meticulously probes in this book; but the point, in terms of Marlowe's reputation, is that people believed he did. The parallels between his unhappy end and those of some of his characters (". . . swollen with cunning of a self-conceit, / His waxen wings did mount above his reach, / And melting heavens conspired his overthrow") were pointed to, sadly or triumphantly, by many of the surviving literati.

Still and all, why, now, a four-hundred-page book about the death of Christopher Marlowe? As Mr. Nicholl puts it, "It all happened a long time ago, but I believe it was a case of murder, and an unsolved murder never really ages."

Mr. Nicholl is not the first person to find that the account given at the inquest raises more questions than it answers. Forty years ago the Canadian scholar Calvin Hoffman came up with the ingenious thesis that Marlowe was not killed at all. The Hoffman theory is that dangers were closing in on him, and so, with the help of three friends, he staged the murder, fled to the Continent, and continued to write plays—the plays put out under the name of William Shakespeare. (This, I can attest, is a theory that appeals to romantic 15-year-olds.) Taking another angle, Hugh Ross Williamson concluded that Marlowe was killed because of his involvement in the Elizabethan spy trade—in which we know that he at least dabbled, and in which Robert Poley, one of the other men present that day in Deptford, spent his life.

Mr. Nicholl also looks for clues in the spy trade, but finds unsatisfactory the simple answer that Marlowe was killed because, as the saying goes, he knew too much. Events in the weeks preceding Marlowe's death suggest that it may have been part of a much larger power struggle.

In building toward his conclusion (which I will not reveal, since, as in a mystery novel, the answer makes sense only when the reader is in possession of all the facts), Mr. Nicholl traces the intrigues of the previous ten years and sets them against the struggles between Catholics and Puritans in England, and between Catholics and Protestants on the Continent (as in France, for instance, whose St. Bartholomew Massacre is the subject of one of Marlowe's plays). Nicholl demonstrates convincingly that Poley was not merely a spy but an *agent provocateur*; indeed, he makes a good case that the Babington Plot to assassinate Queen Elizabeth and install Mary Queen of Scots in her place was instigated by Elizabeth's spymaster, Sir Francis Walsingham (with Poley as one of his primary agents), in order to draw a group of Catholics into the open and prosecute them for treason. This material is powerful and brilliantly presented.

The rivalries for the aging Queen's affections are also well presented, and mostly from an unusual angle: neither directly, nor from below stairs, but as seen from the far reaches of the table, well below the salt. The motto inscribed on the portrait believed to be Marlowe's, "*Quod me nutrit me destruit*" (That which nourishes me destroys me), has a clear application to Queen Elizabeth as well. The independence she achieved by not marrying—and therefore not allying herself permanently with one faction or another—allowed her to manipulate the balance of power among her courtiers, but also *forced* her to manipulate that balance; intrigue was the prevailing atmosphere in late Elizabethan England. If Mr. Nicholl is right, Marlowe died because he got caught up in one of these intrigues.

As Nicholl freely acknowledges, there is a great deal of uncertainty here. Apart from Marlowe's own works (about six hundred medium-sized pages in the Oxford edition) there are only a few dozen contemporary documents relating to him, and most of those date from the last year of his life and the first year after his death. The thing that amazes non-historians such as this reviewer is that, four hundred years later, new documents can still surface—in some cases, because scholars have only recently been allowed into some private library; in other cases, because in the vastness of London's Public Record Office there is a large element of chance in whether a document will be found by the particular person who knows enough of the story to make sense of it—as when, in 1925, the Harvard-based scholar Leslie Hotson chanced upon a reference to Ingram Frizer that led him to the original inquest on Marlowe's death, which had lain in obscurity for 332 years. For anyone who has not read anything published about Marlowe in the last twenty years, there have been several new discoveries—some of them by Mr. Nicholl himself.

After a leisurely 260 pages in which the backgrounds of all the players are filled in as far as the evidence will allow, the last 60 text pages are as exciting as a thriller. The facts we have met before are turned round and seen in a new light (one of the newly discovered documents plays a role here). We learn of a definite motive for Richard Cholmeley to have not merely spread stories about Marlowe, but actually invented them; we see how Marlowe fits into the intrigues of one would-be court favorite against another.

Is Mr. Nicholl right? We will probably never know, so much having been lost (or, prudently, never written down). And one doesn't have to accept as gospel truth a rollicking account such as Alfred Noyes's unjustly forgotten *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* to feel that *The Reckoning* dwells too exclusively on the dark side of Elizabethan life." But his conjectures are plausible—and suggest that whatever double-dealing Marlowe may have engaged in while in Walsingham's employ, at the end he kept faith with his friends, unto death. □

From Russia with Love

THOMAS MALLON

"IT was the perfect title," thought Lucky Jim Dixon, forty years ago, while contemplating his own academic article on "The Economic Influence of the Developments in Shipbuilding Techniques, 1450 to 1485": "it crystallized the article's niggling mindlessness, its funereal parade of yawn-enforcing facts, the pseudo-light it threw upon non-problems." Ah, those were the days! How preferable were uselessness and obfus-

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cation to the multicultural gerrymandering of today's bluestockinged professoriate. For Kingsley Amis to revisit society's most degraded province just to write a new novel is nearly a heroic act.

At 46, the unhappily married Richard Vaisey is a curricularly incorrect professor of Russian literature fighting a rearguard battle to keep the books he loves from being taught in translation. His old friend "Chair-of-Department Hallett" is a good man but inclined to appeasement; Richard must put up with incurious students, surly staff, and politicized colleagues —until Anna Danilova, an attractive young Russian poet, comes visiting a year and a half before the demise of the old Soviet Union.

Anna is hardly some drab Ninotchka in need of coaxing toward the silk sheets and champagne. She proves herself immediately eager for Richard, and for something else besides: introduction to "as many as possible of the people who can make [her] poetry famous in England." Publicity, she reasons, will put pressure on the Soviet authorities to release her brother Sergei from prison. Not that he's a martyred dissident—just someone who was locked up for illegal currency dealings and deserves to get out now that he has served his sentence: "I'm not trying to get him a retrial or a pardon or anything like that," says Anna in her appealingly frank way, and before long Richard is enlisting the help of his awful wife's ex-brother-in-law, a mover and shaker named Crispin Radetsky, in a scheme to turn Anna into a petition-worthy Cause.

But there is a problem. Anna's poetry, Richard has to admit, is nothing short of terrible. Every time he hears or reads it, he realizes that it's even worse than he thought it the time before. Since Richard is one of the few people any longer inclined to ask questions of quality, he spends most of the novel wondering how he can help Anna without actually signing a statement that touts her work. He is in the sort of moral quandary people don't have much any more in fiction, but which, in his beloved Russian novels, they used to have all the time.

The Russian Girl, by Kingsley Amis (Viking, 296 pp., $22.95)

Mr. Mallon's new novel, Henry and Clara, *will be published in August by Ticknor & Fields.*

The Russian Girl is full of small pleasures, though the plot upon which they are hung is a bit frail. Could anyone, even in the rarefied precincts of poetry, still hope to plod toward fame in the way Richard envisions for Anna? Radetsky recognizes the project as "the purest bookish fantasy," and although he goes along with it, he surely knows they'd all be better off making Anna do something heinous enough to draw the attention of British TV's version of *Hard Copy*.

Mr. Amis remains capable of some wonderful two-edged effects (in saying that Hallett "thrashed impotently about on or in his chair for a short interval" he has a go at both modern furniture and modern language), but he has grown almost morbidly sensitive to the nuances of utterance and gesture. There's a tiring, almost Jamesian density to a sort of paragraph that has little more to do than get characters across a room. Still, when it comes to human speech, Mr. Amis has always made Henry Higgins look like an amateur. He can even characterize *inhuman* speech: the "telephone rang, or rather warbled affectedly in the new way it had."

Richard's wife, Cordelia, is the novel's real monster, neurotically poised for most of it between disagreeableness and insanity, and hellishly over the edge for the last few chapters. She is self-deludingly cheap; she exploits her friends, who are willing to do her bidding for the grotesque fascination of her company; and she ends up exacting a series of revenges upon Richard for his affair with Anna that lie somewhere between Euripides and Stephen King. But mostly she speaks, with a ghastly sort of Anglo–Tallulah Bankhead sound: "Blease zdob geebing on and on aboud zumthing thad zimbly zdared you in the vaze." The voice is her own attention-getting invention, and among the book's characters she is the absolute showstopper.

If from time to time Mr. Amis's satire seems a little stale, it's less his fault than the culture's. His targets have been allowed to take unbudgeable hold, from terrible architecture to general illiteracy. It has been a long time since he or anyone else could really say *I Like It Here* with any enthusiasm. But *The Russian Girl* retains a certain bounce, and eight years after winning the Booker Prize for *The Old Devils*, Mr. Amis shows he can still crack a few good lashes with his own pitchforked tail. □

FILM

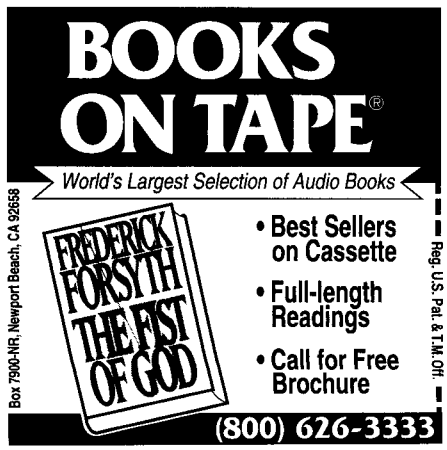
Invigorating Ironies

JOHN SIMON

WHEN Lina Wertmüller's new film, *Me, Let's Hope I Make It*, arrived here, it was promptly renamed ***Ciao, Professore!***, which is going from bad to worse. Moreover, Miramax, the American distributor, made a couple of cuts that mess up the continuity in at least two places. But the film is very good: it returns Miss Wertmüller to the heights she achieved with her early movies, and that is saying a mouthful.

The screenplay by the director and four scenarists is freely based on a novel by Marcello d'Orta. The story is not the sort one associates with Lina Wertmüller, who has always been interested in the tangled webs of men and women lying with and to one another. Instead, we have here the tale of a schoolmaster from the north,

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*



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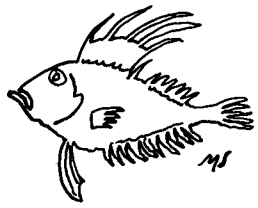
Marco Tullio Sperelli, sent by a clerical error—Corzano for Corsano—to teach third grade in a small town outside Naples. It is exactly as if a Yankee were dispatched to the Deep South: even the speech of the locals is baffling to him. Thus the school is named for Edmondo de Amicis, the author of *Cuore* (*The Heart*, 1896), one of the world's greatest tearjerkers, a sentimental novel about schoolchildren. Sperelli pronounces the writer's name correctly, with the accent on the penult; the Neapolitans accentuate the antepenult. He is forced, maddeningly, to mispronounce the name of a famous author. No wonder he requests an immediate transfer.



But immediate transfers take time, especially in Italy, and meanwhile Sperelli must teach. But where are the pupils? The little ones are not in the habit of showing up; they have jobs as waiters, garage mechanics, black marketeers. Or if they do show up, they may be like the boy who sleeps soundly on his desk, and is punished by having to stand in a corner. When Sperelli finds out that the child has to help his father collect trash all through the night, he is apologetic. Not to worry, says the little one: he can sleep just as well standing up.

Or take the little girl who sits in the front row center, but insists on talking to Sperelli by going up to him and whispering in his ear. She is not only coming up to him but also coming on to him; you have never seen a younger, cuter, or more proficient Lolita. Yet she is also disarmingly innocent. And smart. At a dinner party of her rich parents, where some other child might be expected to recite a poem by Carducci or Foscolo, she delivers a mini-treatise on Switzerland and the advantages of banking there.

Each of these kids—from the little boy who does not know his own difficult last name to the one who is a perfect Mafioso in the making—is an individual with marked personal traits as well as a child starved for a figure of benevolent authority. What makes these children irresistible is the Neapolitan charm on top of the childish one, as if the heritage of Greece and Rome, meeting at this midpoint, had commingled roots, yielding these delightful, unruly sprouts.

Yet it is not only the third-graders who seduce you: charmers come in all ages. There is, for instance, the adolescent girl who, when Sperelli comes to consult with her parents about one of her siblings, proves to be the acting head of that delinquent household. The 14-year-old is busy with domestic chores and, while listening to his complaints, brusquely puts Sperelli to work dandling a crying baby on his lap and giving it a bottle. No less of a winner is the superannuated granny in the apartment where Sperelli rents a room. The crone, all physical fragility and mental lability, keeps mistaking him for her long-dead son Michele, and querying him about the mozzarella he was supposed to get. But she can also sit down at the upright piano and play Debussy's "*La plus que lente*" exquisitely.

Would such a lowly character even have heard of Debussy? I asked Lina Wertmüller. "You'd be surprised at what some of these old people knew," the director answered. Then, with an impish smile, "Besides, *I* like that piece." And there, I think, lies Miss Wertmüller's artistic secret: an unerring eye for the idiosyncratic realities of life, sassily augmented by her own whimsical predilections. When outer truth meets inner truth, art is born.

Lina—as a longtime admirer and friend, I cannot help calling her that—has lately had some cinematically frustrating years while thriving in other media. Here she resumes full command, assisted, of course, by her team. Paolo Villaggio plays Marco Tullio Sperelli with the valor and dignity befitting that Ciceronian nomen and praenomen. The actor is a rare mixture of strength and sensitivity, of resoluteness as well as such foibles as overeating. This flaw he shares with one of his similarly rotund pupils, as the two become companions at arms in a losing fight with voracity. There is not one uninspired performance here, and Lina's uncanny savvy in picking the right faces and figures for each character builds instant audience rapport.

The screenplay makes its points economically, subtly, wittily; consider how what went wrong with Sperelli's marriage is conveyed with wistful humor and without wasteful exposition. Enrico Job, the director's husband, has contributed his customary expert production design, artfully playing the scale from dowdiness through shabbiness to squalor. Mention must be made also of Giovanni Taffani's cinematography, which wryly avoids the prettifications Naples and childhood could provoke. The choice of music—found rather than specially composed—establishes the cultural dichotomies between Sperelli and his environment until, in the end, it gracefully resolves them. Final praise must go to Lina Wertmüller. If in the teacher-and-young-students genre Jean Vigo's *Zéro de conduite* is the summit, *Ciao, Professore!* takes its place well above the timberline.

■ By now everyone must have heard about the beginning of *Wolf*. Will Randall (Jack Nicholson), the able but unassertive senior editor at MacLeish Publishing, is driving through wintry, nocturnal woods toward New York City and home. His car hits something and skids to the road's edge. He gets out, and a trail of blood leads him to a wolf. A yellow eye opens in the black face, Will is bitten, and the creature bounds off into the forest. It was a werewolf; that is why it did not die on impact. Without quite knowing it, we are in the realms of the supernatural, which is fine, and of the inconsistent, which is not.

To be able to play dead so perfectly, the injured werewolf must be a bit of a werepossum. And as, carrying marsupialness a step or leap further, it goes bounding off into the dark—the leaps will prove characteristic of all the werewolves, even when in human form—it becomes a veritable werekangaroo. And though this werewolf seems unkillable, in a crucial later scene another one is shot dead. So how vulnerable is a werewolf?

Will Randall's growing coarse hair on the hand near the bite mark seems to presage imminent hirsuteness. No such thing. His senses merely become keener, his muscles stronger, his actions bolder. No longer wimpy, he can overhear or sniff out secrets hidden from lesser mortals. A good thing, too, because he is surrounded by schemers so lupine and vulpine as to make his previous rectitude suicidal. There is, first off, the monstrous magnate Raymond Alden, whose conglomerate has just swallowed up MacLeish Publish-

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ing (Christopher Plummer in one of his plummier roles), and who now promotes Stewart Swinton (James Spader), Will's fawning, snake-in-the-grassy underling, into Will's job.

Raymond Alden fires Will sadistically as he invites him to a soirée at the Alden country estate *cum* château, and there offers him the choice of quitting or taking the demeaning job of scouting books in Eastern Europe—Bosnia, no doubt, to which there is a flip reference in the script. But Will, his wolf's blood aroused, decides to start his own publishing house with two faithful staffers and his stable of authors. Even Charlotte, Will's wife (Kate Nelligan), so seemingly dependable, lets her husband down. But Will has gained the attention of a far more interesting woman, Laura Alden (Michelle Pfeiffer), the billionaire's restless, renegade daughter, to whom everyone who falls afoul of her father becomes someone to favor.

There is enough intrigue and counterintrigue here—enough *homo homini lupus*—for *Wolf* to function very well without recourse to lycanthropy. Mike Nichols, the polished director, can get the most out of urbane backstabbing among sophisticates. And though the initial screenwriter, the macho novelist Jim Harrison, once suffered, he says, a "modest attack of lycanthropy," he and the other scenarists, Wesley Strick and (the uncredited) Elaine May, Mr. Nichols's old partner in satire, could have stayed with the timely subject of skullduggery in publishing. The dialogue has the requisite edge. Alden tells Randall, "You're a nice person. Thank God I replaced you." When Randall fights back and outfoxes Swinton, Alden comments appreciatively, "I'd never have fired you in the first place if I had known you were this ruthless."

Jack Nicholson, with or without fangs, has never been better; Michelle Pfeiffer endows a fairly standard role with emotional intricacy; James Spader exudes his usual supremely slimy loathsomeness, but here more appropriately; Mr. Plummer smiles and uses his words as unerring darts on human dartboards. Eileen Atkins, Om Puri, David Hyde Pierce, and Prunella Scales do wonders for smaller roles. With Giuseppe Rotunno's opulent, almost tactile cinematography, the veteran Ennio Morricone's sumptuous score, and Mr. Nichols's pliant, springy direction, which falters only in the film's latter, totally lycanthropic part, *Wolf* is very enjoyable two-thirds of the way. Nowadays, that's a lot. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Stopping Power: Why 70 Million Americans Own Guns, by J. Neil Schulman (Synapse-Centurion, 288 pp., $22.95)

SINCE I've never read his science-fiction novels, I know J. Neil Schulman mainly from his faxes, which used to arrive on my desk at *Reason* magazine every now and then. These attacks on the gun-control movement and defenses of the right to keep and bear arms took various, sometimes quirky forms, including transcripts of Schulman's remarks before the Los Angeles Police Commission on the issue of carry permits and his interview with a grammarian on the literal meaning of the Second Amendment. Now Schulman has put these tidbits together in a book, along with op-ed pieces, magazine articles, speeches, letters, computer network discussions, radio editorials, and unpublished essays. This is "a bunch of things I wrote over the last few years . . . in the heat of battle," and it often shows. But there is still much of value in the book, especially Mr. Schulman's incisive critiques of the factoids, misleading rhetoric, and outright lies of the anti-gun lobby.

—JACOB SULLUM

KGB: Death and Rebirth, by Martin Ebon (Praeger, 227 pp., $24.95)

THIS BOOK's title tells all. Mr. Ebon, a longtime student of the KGB and its forerunners, scoffs at the idea that the onetime Soviet secret police is dead: "The KGB by any other name will be the KGB." President Yeltsin fired four hundred KGB generals after the attempted coup of August 19, 1991. He then passed a law subordinating to himself the Russian Foreign Intelligence Service, the new name for the KGB. A fat lot of good it will do him, says Mr. Ebon. The most formidable problem facing policy-makers, whether President Clinton or President Yeltsin, is how as consumers of intelligence they can avoid becoming prisoners of the intelligence purveyors. Stalin solved that problem by executing his secret-police chiefs. Mikhail Gorbachev couldn't solve it, nor has Mr. Yeltsin. Mr. Ebon's volume is a highly detailed story of the seemingly irrepressible role the KGB still plays not only in the Russian Federation but in the onetime Soviet republics, each of which wants its own KGB. In a democratizing Russia, the secret police may not have the power it once had but it still has plenty.

—ARNOLD BEICHMAN

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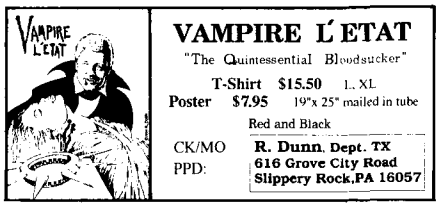

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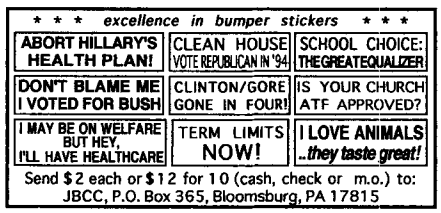

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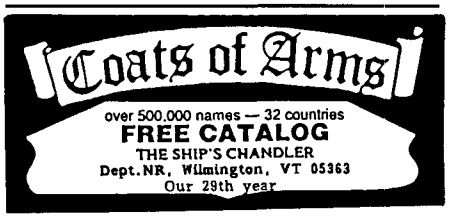

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BEICHMAN

(Continued from page 53)

Charles Poletti, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, columnist Raymond Clapper, journalist Dorothy Thompson (the wife of Sinclair Lewis), Secretary of the NAACP Walter White, anthropologist Franz Boas, and operatic baritone Lawrence Tibbett. Their comments were prefaced by an italicized passage which read: "Readers of other New York newspapers probably felt that it was just another speech by a Vice President speculating on the possibilities of Japanese raids on North America . . ."

So that night, and every night that Wallace made a speech, *PM* treated it, under Ingersoll's orders, as if it were Moses on Mount Sinai. The speeches were announced with huge front-page headlines—WALLACE'S POSTWAR WORLD: JOBS FOR ALL WORLD COUNCIL TO PRESERVE PEACE or WALLACE URGES WORLD AIR CORPS TO ENFORCE POSTWAR PEACE, or WALLACE: HOW WE CAN PAY FOR WAR AND STILL LIVE BETTER. ANOTHER HISTORIC SPEECH BY HENRY WALLACE.

Nonetheless, with the tacit agreement of President Roosevelt, the Democratic convention rejected Henry A. Wallace's bid for a second term as Vice President.

It was a cabal of machine politicians (Interior Secretary Harold Ickes called them "corrupt city bosses"), led by Edward J. Flynn, boss of the Bronx Democratic machine, who bumped the Vice President off the Democratic ticket. The others were Frank Walker, postmaster general and chairman of the Democratic National Committee; Ed Pauley, DNC treasurer and a wealthy West Coast oil magnate; George E. Allen, DNC secretary and a well-known Washington lobbyist; Robert E. Hannegan, commissioner of Interanl Revenue, who was approinted DNC chairman to succeed Walker. (The notorious Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City and Chicago Mayor Edward J. Kelly joined the plotters at the convention itself.) There is nothing to indicate that they were principally concerned that Wallace was too pro-Soviet and pro-Stalin. The Democratic higher-ups simply regarded him as an electoral liability, someone who might cause FDR to lose his bid for a fourth term. They all knew about the "Dear Guru" correspondence and were probably fearful of what else might come up during the campaign. After all, FDR's popular-vote percentage in 1940 had been only 52.8 per cent, the lowest in any of his four presidential races.

While FDR ostensibly favored Wallace's renomination, so anxious was he to keep his Vice President from building up delegate support that he sent him on a three-month trip to Siberia, China, and Mongolia, "to promote goodwill between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists in Yenan." Wallace did not return to the States until two weeks before the convention.

For Wallace the cabal substituted Harry S. Truman, who went on in 1948 to beat New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican standard-bearer, in one of the most astonishing upsets in modern political history—no thanks to Henry Wallace and his Progressive Party candidacy.

What If?

ON APRIL 12, 1945, some five months after winning a fourth term as President, Mr. Roosevelt was dead of a cerebral hemorrhage. Imagine if Henry Agard Wallace had been re-elected Vice President to succeed him: no Truman Doctrine, no Marshall Plan, Greece and Turkey victims of Soviet imperialism, no common defense against an encroaching Soviet Union, the takeover of West European trade unions by local Communist parties.

There is no reasonable doubt that Wallace would have been Stalin's man. Even after the war, when Stalin was no longer our ally, Wallace said publicly: "It would be unfortunate for world peace if anything happens inside Russia to upset its system of government at the present time." As it was, from 1941, when Wallace was sworn in as Vice President, until September 20, 1946, when President Truman fired him from his Cabinet post as Secretary of Commerce, it can be said that Stalin had a direct line into the highest levels of the U.S. Government. Had Wallace been re-elected Vice President—it was shudderingly close.

But because a caucus of machine politicians, dreaming of patronage and of electoral victory, decided that Wallace was a born loser, America and the world were saved from what might have been. □

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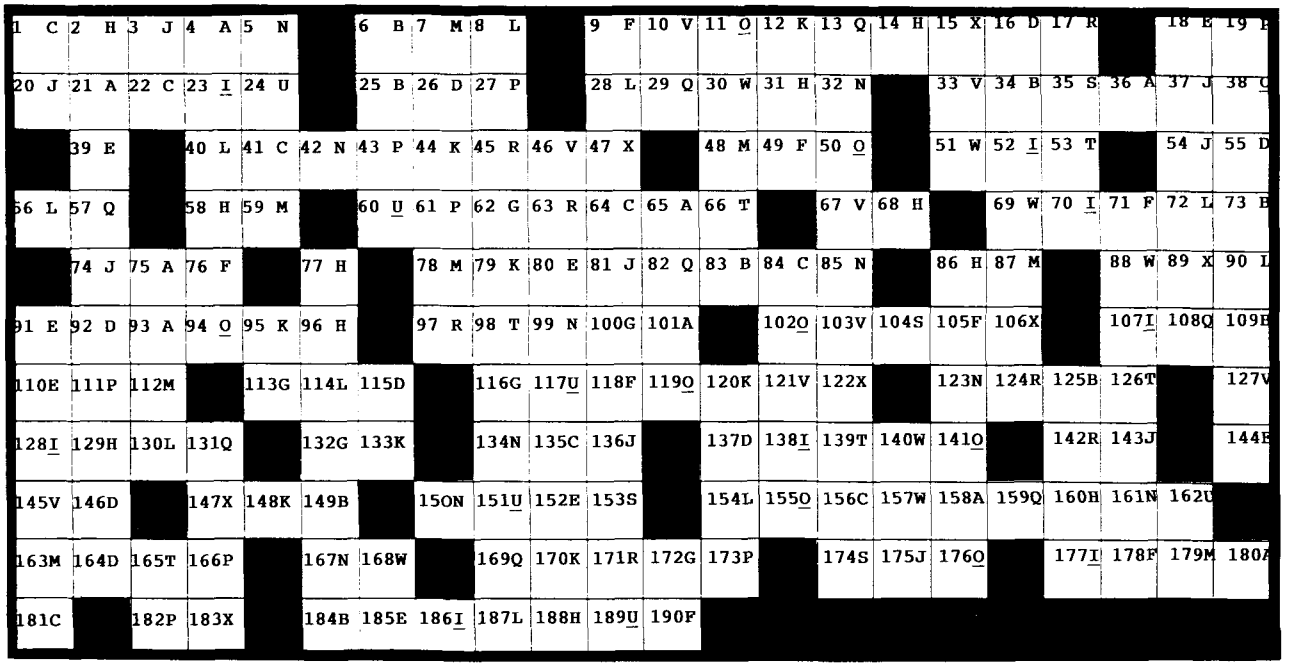
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. High-toned writing material — 36 75 158 65 21 93 101 180 4

B. Swamp denizen — 25 125 109 34 83 184 6 149 73

C. Just after sunset — 156 1 64 84 22 181 135 41

D. Windbag's relative — 137 26 55 146 164 16 92 115

E. Save this for a rainy day — 110 185 18 80 91 152 144 39

F. Like Noel the chicken? — 9 49 105 190 178 71 118 76

G. Instruction to a lawman relative to a corpus — 172 132 116 62 113 100

H. Those whose writ runs — 77 31 86 2 58 129 160 14 188 96 68

I. Eli's home (2 words) — 70 128 177 52 138 107 186 23

J. That which excites dread — 3 74 143 81 37 175 136 54 20

K. Certain sleepwear — 95 170 44 148 79 12 120 133

L. Bill and Ted had some — 28 154 130 72 114 90 56 187 8 40

M. Hot dogs, at the ballpark — 112 7 87 163 179 59 48 78

N. Sears, in Chicago (2 words) — 134 123 167 161 32 99 150 85 42 5

O. City in Southern California — 50 94 102 155 11 141 119 176 38

P. Final — 43 27 173 182 61 19 166 111

Q. Vegas visitors — 82 108 159 29 57 131 169 13

R. On the rise — 45 63 142 97 124 17 171

S. Like inferior excuses — 153 174 35 104

T. Region in Saudi Arabia (2 words) — 53 126 98 165 139 66

U. Glacial epoch (2 words) — 151 189 162 60 24 117

V. Charter boat's potential quarry — 127 145 67 46 121 103 33 10

W. Weak kind of chance — 30 69 51 168 140 88 157

X. Those on the trail of a story — 183 89 147 122 15 47 106

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. JERRY VAN VOORHIS: *Normandy:* "Normandy was about convictions in a world of confusion. It was about rights in a world of terror. It was about mobilization in an hour of collective danger. Finally, it was about a future—of justice, freedom and order."

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The Lowering Cloud

NEW YORK, JUNE 28

If you will permit me to speak for the common man, here is how/why he/she is troubled.

In an absolutely sane world, no one would doubt that on June 12, O. J. Simpson killed his ex-wife and her friend. The world would acknowledge that there are legal technicalities to be got by before sending Mr. Simpson away to jail or to the gas chamber. But it would be widely assumed that these are really only what the French call a *"toilette des condamnés"*—the ablutionary niceties that precede the guillotine.

The same public would acknowledge that every now and again something as apparently clear cut as the Simpson case springs a truly incredible surprise.

—That was the night the UFO came down over Los Angeles and mangled two citizens.

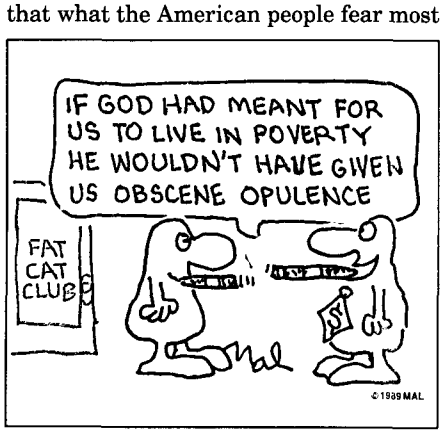
—It was a pure coincidence that one of the victims had been married to O. J. Simpson, that O. J. Simpson had abused and threatened her and been castigated by the courts for doing so; pure coincidence that he was in the area; another coincidence that some of the blood found on the scene is of the same type as O. J.'s.

—If it transpires that there is DNA correspondence between hair or blood samples at the scene, and hair or blood samples taken from O. J., why don't we concede that there is a chance, one in 1.25 million, that another person walking the streets (or flying in the UFO) might have the very same DNA structure?

Still, the public is perfectly prepared to condone the official trial. But suddenly there is a tremor of alarm out there. The television cameras train on fancy lawyers coming into town from all over the United States. What is the function of fancy lawyers? In such situations as murder, to transform it into something else. Very recent experiences with legal alchemy flash through the public mind. The Menendez brothers were not found guilty by the jury. So that the public was instructed that if two men aim shotguns and kill their mother and father, somehow, in the eyes of the law, they did not actually commit murder. The people wonder whether, assembling in Los Angeles, there are technicians who are going to "prove" that O. J. did not "murder" his ex-wife and her companion.

And at about the same time that the lawyers are forgathering, O. J. goes on the most publicized drive in history, viewed for several hours by 95 million Americans, courtesy of television cameras situated in helicopters. And lo! a substantial number of onlookers are cheering not the Christians, but the lions. Some people are sublimating the car chase into the legendary figure O. J., back in the glory days, running and weaving and side-slipping right through the ranks of the enemy, toward the magical goal posts! There is something about the old spirit that overwhelms, and we are hearing shouts of "Go, Juice, Go!" And we are looking into the depraved face of that America which is utterly insensible of the beautiful young mother chopped to death, and her companion dead with twenty knife thrusts. And the public begins to wonder: Is there an operative animus still left in the United States against criminals? Or will some witch doctor lucubrate a defense thesis sufficiently potent to hypnotize a few jurors, who can be got, after a numbing several weeks, to intone, War is Peace, Freedom is Slavery, Ignorance is Strength?

It is after all everywhere documented that what the American people fear most is crime. Crime bills in gaudy dress rise and fall in Congress. Less than 1 per cent of the nation's murderers are sent to death. Sixteen years after he had mutilated his 33rd victim, one murderer finally gets executed, and you sense the general feeling of fatigue over the corporate effort to bring him to justice. It is as though we had just dug a Chunnel from Chicago to Detroit.



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Our disorientation has to do with the giddy despair that comes from losing the coordinates that provide for social stability. A philosophical anarchy sounds through the echo chambers of nihilism, chanting, Go, Juice, Go! □

The Endlessness Of Clinton

NEW YORK, JULY 5

Is it imaginary, or is President Clinton becoming an Orwellian plague on television? Those Americans who tend to tune in at news time are almost certain to come upon the face of Bill Clinton. Worse, the voice of Bill Clinton. Worse, the words of Bill Clinton. He is apparently incapable of letting a subject alone, any subject. He hectors American citizens on this point or the other, and congressmen and senators, and foreign governments and leaders, and Christian evangelists.

He does so, moreover, almost always from the position of the superior moralist. We must buy his universal-health-care bill or lose heavenly ratings. He will not sign a bill that does less than guarantee universal health care because that is the right thing to do, the honorable thing to do, the fraternal thing to do, which means that anyone who is opposed to socializing medicine is wrong, dishonorable, unfraternal. You close your eyes and think back wistfully on the Constitution and the elephantiasis that came out of the simple sentence, "He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the State of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient."

Surely it is mistaken to be so ubiquitous? Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the first President to fully take advantage of the technology of the radio. His device was the so-called fireside chat. From his study in the White House or at Hyde Park, he would have a little chat with the American people, about this problem or that. And of course he held press conferences. But the fireside chats were at

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the rate of four or five per year, the press conferences every two to four weeks. Thirty years later, Walter Cronkite could go on television non-stop for 18 hours when our astronauts ran the danger of being stuck in space, and there was no resentment over his presence. But the newscaster reporting an event for several hours running is different from the moralist whip who is telling us what is being done, what needs to be done, and how you and we should think about it.

It is a theatrical point and needs to be reflected on with some reference to shifting perspectives. If during the 1930s there was general satisfaction with the way the President kept in touch with the voters, does one need to multiply by the number of hours we watch television, the exposure we need to the President? If we are watching television (as the average American family does) for 37 hours every week, should we expect to multiply by 37 the number of times we see Mr. Clinton? It would require more patience than free men can muster, to devote an entire day to the screen in order to count the number of times Mr. Clinton appears; furthermore, any factual answer to the question doesn't dispose of the nervous point, which is, How many times per day is it your impression you are being addressed by the President? Maybe your wife nags you only four times on a typical day, but you may just find that the fourth nag has become incrementally unbearable and you start thinking in terms of the virago you married and how O. J. Simpson handled *his* problem . . .

It is a phenomenon some people in Great Britain are being outspoken about, the seeming omnipresence of Prime Minister John Major. Last September Peregrine Worsthorne of the *Sunday Telegraph*, a Conservative wise man with a large following, exploded on the subject: "The ability of a really unpopular Prime Minister to upset people has increased immeasurably. As it happens, Mr. Major is the first British Prime Minister of either party whom I cannot bear to watch or listen to. . . . There is a hunted expression on his face and such a sadly hollow smile. And the voice. Has any earlier Prime Minister in all history had quite his capacity to make the English language sound so toneless and dead? Watching and listening to Mr. Major, which one must perforce do all the time, is a deeply demoralizing experience. . . . The thought of the present lackluster figure on the box for another three years is just more than flesh and blood can bear."

Much that Mr. Worsthorne quarrels with in the manner of John Major would not apply to Bill Clinton. But surely everyone would profit if Mr. Clinton were to cut his appearances in half, never mind what we think about what he says or how he says it? Why didn't David Gergen counsel him on the point? Imagine the utter bliss of it if Mr. Clinton were to tell us that except in the case of a national emergency, he would have nothing more to say to us about anything until—Labor Day. Oh joy, unmitigated joy. □

Extremism In The Air?

NEW YORK, JULY 1

So the initial phase of the investigation into Whitewater tells us that indeed Vincent Foster died by his own hand. That ruling by investigator Robert Fiske was greeted with fireworks here and there, as if it were central to any serious questions involving Mr. Clinton's behavior. During the past year not one person has suggested in my presence that Mr. Foster was killed by someone else, though one doesn't dispute that the rumor floated about. So did the rumor that JFK had already been married when he took Jackie, or that LBJ sodomized his predecessor's corpse on Air Force One coming back from Dallas. Junk rumors were, are, and will be, and the challenge is to develop an intelligent attitude toward them. Anyone searching into the mystery of poor Mr. Foster would be entitled merely to ask, Was his depression possibly related to any knowledge he had of White House affairs? That isn't an idle question.

President Clinton recently fired the Big Bertha against polemical irresponsibility. "They say," he said, referring specifically to Jerry Falwell and Rush Limbaugh, "that anybody that doesn't agree with them is Godless, anybody who doesn't agree with them is fair game for any wild charge, no matter how false."

Compare: "Robert Bork's America is a land in which women would be forced into back-alley abortions, blacks would sit at segregated lunch counters, rogue police could break down citizens' doors in midnight raids, schoolchildren could not be taught about evolution, writers and artists could be censored at the whim of the government, and the doors of the federal courts would be shut on the fingers of millions of citizens." That is Senator Edward Kennedy, 1987. It would require some high-proof Falwell to come up with its equivalent. Teddy did not alienate Bill Clinton with this extremism.

E. J. Dionne Jr. of the *Washington Post* advises us that Mr. Falwell's Liberty Alliance is circulating a video called *Circle of Power*. It apparently includes a statement from Larry Nichols, a longtime adversary of Clinton's in Arkansas, who says, "You may also wonder what it's been like fighting Bill Clinton. People are dead in Arkansas. Yeah. When I started this, I knew that I might be one of the unsolved mysteries." That's irresponsible stuff. (At least I hope it is, because every now and then I find myself in Arkansas.) But Mr. Falwell's over-the-counter films are not to be compared with Oliver Stone's productions, which are put up for Oscars. In *JFK* Mr. Stone instructed us that members of the Federal Government lied and killed to hide the true story of Dallas, 1963.

A few years ago I had a telephone call from President Reagan. "You know, I get a lot of stuff and you just have to put up with it," he complained. "But this is just too much: 'President Reagan is the nearest thing we've ever come to in America to fascism.' It's published by something called the *National Catholic Reporter* and written by someone called Alden Whitman. Do you know anything about them?" I told the President that the bishop in Kansas City was suing to deny the *Reporter* the right to advertise itself as a Catholic publication, and that Alden Whitman, who wrote obituaries for the *New York Times*, had been a member of the Communist Party and continued to be truculently opposed to any conservative.

Well, that made him feel better; but, to my knowledge, nobody with any muscle in the critical community stepped forward to give Whitman or the *Reporter* four strokes of the cane.

Mr. Dionne correctly discerns a problem. It is that liberal enterprises, from Bill Clinton to the Anti-Defamation League, are engaged in attempted amalgamations, the purpose of which is to discredit authentic movements of protest. The cry is "Houston, 1992!" Any sound that recalls the rhetoric of the Republican Convention in Houston is denounced as irresponsible. But there are many Americans who suffer from frustrations that trace to liberal objectives. They include broken families, pornography, lawlessness, and the secularization of the schools. The rap song of liberal America is so thunderous it becomes possible even to imagine a judicial exoneration of O. J. Simpson. In such a mood, at such a time, people do get excited. □

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"CBS to Merge with QVC Home Shopping Network"
—*Newspaper headline, June 1994*

CONNIE: Good evening. Tonight's top story: Bad medicine on Capitol Hill.

DAN: President Clinton's bold plan to fix the health-care mess is running smack-dab into Republican roadblocks in Congress. Bill Plante has more.

BILL: Dan, here in Washington they've found a new way to spell gridlock: D-O-L-E. That's . . .

DAN: Excuse me, Bill, but you look absolutely *terrific*. Last week: bags under your eyes, wattles, crow's feet. And now: all gone! What's the secret?

BILL: Dan, I bet a lot of our viewers know the feeling: you're getting on in years, everything starts to sag. Pretty soon your jowls look like mudflaps.

DAN: Tell it, brother!

BILL: But there's a way out. I know. If CBS News viewers call in the next half hour, they can buy a package of surgical procedures that'll make them look as young as an MTV veejay—or a TV newsman.

CONNIE: Talk specifics here, Bill. Tummy tucks? Chin rebuilds? Butt rounders?

BILL: And lipo, too, Con. The whole nine yards, performed by surgeons certified by CBS News. And look at that price!

DAN: Unreal, pardner. We've got the number on the screen right now. You do look great, Bill. But remember, *compadre*: no smiles—we don't want your ears to fall off!

CONNIE: A weird thing to say, Dan. But it's a good lead-in for tonight's Eye On America segment. Bernard Goldberg reports: "A Nation Turns to Prozac." Bernie?

BERNARD: Connie, it can strike anyone anytime. . . .

DAN: Tell it.

BERNARD: . . . depression, a sense of disorientation . . .

DAN: And next thing you know, you're ending your broadcasts with: "Courage!" For no reason!

BERNARD: Exactly. But Connie, tonight our viewers can take advantage of a spectacular offer . . .

DAN: Wearing sweaters in midsummer! Walking off the set!

BERNARD: For a special low price, a 10-pack of prescriptions for the new miracle anti-depressent that has everyone talking . . .

DAN: Five minutes of dead air! Kenneth, what's the frequency!

BERNARD: But Dan: that's all in the past now, correct?

DAN: [smiles]

BERNARD: That's a powerful testimonial, Connie.

CONNIE: Indeed it is, Bernie. You know, if our viewers call now, they can get a special bonus with their prescriptions—a "scrip" for a new fertility drug that I personally would like to endorse.

DAN: We *People* readers know all about your and Maury's efforts to reproduce, Connie.

CONNIE: Frustration City, Dan! But this Beatrile Xtra works miracles. Maury pops them like Chiclets, and his motility count is through the roof! But remember: viewers must call now for this special CBS News offer.

DAN: Whoa! Is that price a misprint? Seriously, though, speaking of prices, a brief programming note. Later tonight: "48 Hours." CBS News takes a hard look at Whitewater Development Corporation. President Clinton's investment gone awry—in a land of beautiful river views, year-round trout fishing, multi-acre wooded lots, and financing that would make Shylock weep! Connie?

CONNIE: You know, Dan, sometimes we in TV News need to take a long hard look at our business.

DAN: That we do, Connie. TV news is changing in important ways. Here's our journalistic ethics correspondent, Deborah Norville, to tell us how.

DEBORAH: Dan, these days, when the mantra is to make nice not news, we correspondents are haunted by the specter of Edward R. Murrow.

DAN: Saint Ed.

DEBORAH: And now our viewers can be, too, with this haunting set of Ed Murrow coffee cups.

DAN: God, Ed loved his java. And look at that likeness.

DEBORAH: You can almost smell the secondhand smoke from his trademark Lucky Strike, can't you?

CONNIE: Deb, that lipstick you're wearing . . .

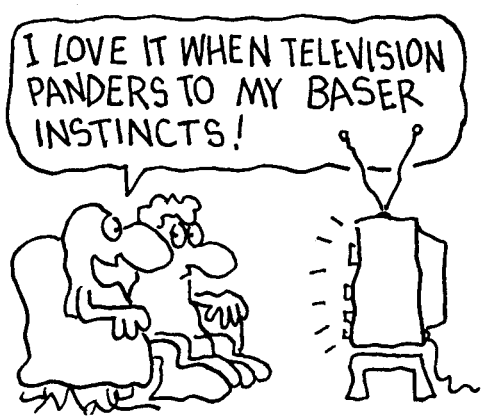
DAN: Sorry, ladies, but now it's time for a brief look at what's happening in our world. Horror in Rwanda.

CONNIE: French troops entered Rwanda today—horrified at the aftermath of the slaughter there. A live report from our man on the scene. Tony?

TONY: Connie and Dan, horrifying doesn't begin to describe it. [Video of endless rows of bodies, laid out on sheets in the mud.] I think you can see that for yourself.

DAN: The world is shamed, Tony. But I'll tell you, the scene is made much more pleasant by those elegant sheets—are we talking Egyptian combed cotton here?

—ANDREW FERGUSON



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Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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Pano Karatassos, Chops Restaurant Owner, with Patricia Kellett, VP Sales and Marketing, National Linen Service.

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Patricia Kellett, VP Sales and Marketing, National Linen, notes that customers like the way Premira soaks up spills, won't slip from the lap or shed lint like other linen. "A prominent restaurant needs table linen that makes a good impression in every respect, every time it's brought to the table."

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